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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Explanations: a Sequel to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.* By the Author of that Work. Pp. 198. John Churchill.

ANY publication from the pen of the author of the "Vestiges" is so certain to excite much interest and curiosity, that we hasten to notice this volume, in order to gratify the popular feeling as largely and as quickly as we can; though we have, at the same time, to confess to a mere cursory perusal of it, without the opportunity to analyse and weigh its arguments. We can therefore only offer a Report: not a Review.

After defining the design of his former book, which has provoked so much controversy, the author proceeds to answer the animadversions made upon it in the *Edinburgh, North British, and other reviews*. He enters considerably into and defends his nebular hypothesis: quotes Professor Plateau in support of it; and contends, that neither the discoveries through Lord Rosse's telescope, nor the reasoning on the retrogression of the satellites of Uranus, impugn the soundness of his conclusions; and finally reasserts that this hypothesis is "not (as misrepresented by his adversaries) a suppression of the Deity, but only a description of his mode of working."

He next examines the law of mental operations; and from Quetelet contends, that if the limits of the system be under any law, it is a probable inference that the whole system is so also. The geological objections are then discussed *seriatim*; and from the most recent advances of the science, and the present state of opinion on the origin of organic nature, the author endeavours, with great skill, as well as late and comprehensive information, to demolish the opposition to his theory, built on data connected with the gradual development of the animal kingdom, as evidenced by researches in the crust of the earth.

"With regard to the organisation of new life (he continues) from inorganic elements, the Broomfield experiment would be quite decisive, if any evidence could be admitted for what men are unwilling to believe. The Edinburgh reviewer writes two pages which appear to put the alleged fact much out of countenance; and yet it is true that ridicule, which always proceeds upon assumption, forms their entire composition. He states that specimens of the insect were sent to Paris, where they set a whole conclave of philosophers a-laughing, because they were found to contain ova. It did not occur to him that independent generation is what the development theory presumes of every animal family which may have ever had an origin otherwise than *ex ovo*. Other specimens were sent to London, but there their fate was sealed by their being found to be not a new species, but one then abundant in the country. These circumstances, with a few empty jests, satisfy the critic that there was no independent generation in the case. Against such a conclusion, proceeding upon mere supposition, I adduce careful experiment. During the last three years, Mr. Weekes, of Sandwich, has continued to subject solutions to electric action, and invariably found insects produced

in these instances, while they as invariably failed to appear where the electric action was not employed, but every other condition fulfilled. The rigid care taken in these experiments to exclude vitiating circumstances gives them a high claim to notice; and I therefore present, as an appendix, two letters from Mr. Weekes upon the subject. They cannot fail to be read with interest, and the more so as they exhibit a man pursuing the investigation of an important natural fact under the most discouraging circumstances. If this new presentment of the *Acurus Crossii* shall still excite ridicule, I can only regret the mood of mind from which that ridicule arises; but the opposite party must excuse my attaching no importance to anything besides fact and argument. These alleged phenomena are open, like all others, to the test of counter-experiment. Let them be subjected to it in the most rigid manner, and set aside in the case of failure. But to meet them merely with scoffs and jests, or, at the most, certain wholly gratuitous assumptions as to a possibly various cause, is not philosophical, and therefore deserves no consideration. Having thus (he adds on the general issue) presented vestiges of laws for the origination and modification of organic being, I must protest against proof of the existence of such laws being held indispensable to the development theory. The earth, we see, has been peopled for ages before man began to observe nature or chronicle his observations. The organic world attained what appears to us completeness in remote ages. It is a thing done, as individual reproduction is done at the birth of the new creature. We are not, therefore, to expect conspicuous examples of either a new origin of life or a modification of species at the present day. Though therefore, not one unequivocal instance of such origin and such modification could be presented, it would say nothing positive against the hypothesis that species originated, and made a series of advances in general organisation, by the efficacy of law, in times long antecedent to our historical period. We should still have to say, that the evidence of such phenomena was to be looked for elsewhere—namely, in the history of the progress of organic being as chronicled for us by geology, and in the history which physiology affords us of the progress of the individual embryo. Seeing, then, that plants and animals came into existence gradually, in the course of a vast period of time, and in a succession conforming generally to their grades in organisation, and the stages through which the embryo of one of the highest has to pass before it attains maturity, we might say that we had seen all that could well be expected in the case, and enough to establish a strong probability for the development theory. Nevertheless, it may be admitted, that any evidence of the continued existence of the creative and modifying laws is still desirable for the sake of corroboration. And such is the light in which I regard the facts which we possess regarding variations of type, and the production of some of the lower plants and animals by means independent of generation. As in the progress of an individual being, even after birth, we see the laws

which preside over reproduction operating still in a faint degree in the defective nutrition which stunts, and the favouring conditions which advance and glorify, the state of infancy and youth, so might we expect that the laws which originally spread the vegetable and animal kingdoms over the earth would still perhaps be traceable as faintly at work, especially in those lower families where life and the modifiable quality are most abundantly imparted. The evidence for the existence of such laws is patent to the exact observation which will give it philosophical certainty, and to such observation I trust it will in time be subjected. Meanwhile, I claim its being received as a provisional aid to the theory of development."

This summing up will sufficiently and clearly explain to our readers the gist of the author's conclusions, founded on the points to which we have already alluded; and, whilst he ratiocinates, he almost ridicules the views opposed to his own:

"When we set about describing this system (he observes), we are struck by finding it vague and unsteady, varying with every degree of intelligence in its votaries and every addition made to science. The uneducated man regards the whole system of the world as resulting from, and depending upon, the immediate working and guidance of an Almighty Being, who acts in each case as may seem to him most meet, exactly as human creatures do. Persons of intelligence, again, usually admit a system of general laws, but for the most part entertain it under great reservations, or in connexion with views totally inconsistent with it. We find Dr. Clark, for instance, admitting a course of nature as the 'will of God producing certain effects in a regular and uniform manner,' but this will being arbitrary (and assumed as far as natural means of knowledge are concerned), is, he says, 'as easy to be altered at any time as to be preserved.' Others cut off particular provinces of nature as exceptions from the plan of constant order. Whatever part is dubious or obscure, to mankind generally or to themselves in particular, there they rear the torn standard of the arbitrary system of divine rule. Human volitions form such a region to many who know not that Quetelet has reduced these to mathematical formulæ, and that one of our own most popular divines has written a Bridgewater Treatise to shew the predominance of natural law over mind, as a proof of the existence and wisdom of God. Some who give up this domain to law, find footing in other departments of nature upon which science has not as yet poured any clear light. We shall presently see by what weak arguments such exceptions are maintained. Meanwhile, it must be noted as important, that all is uncertainty on this side of the question—a strong presumption, were there no other, against it. One of the most remarkable reservations made of late years from the system of invariable order, is that presented in Dr. Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences.' Admitting that nature, as revealed to our senses, is a system of causation, this writer halts when he comes to consider the origin of

language and of arts, the origin of species and formation of globes. These he calls palætiological sciences, because, in his opinion, we have to seek for an ancient and different class of causes, as affecting them, from any which are now seen operating. 'In no palætiological science,' says he, 'has man been able to arrive at a beginning which is homogeneous with the known course of events. We can, in such sciences, often go very far back, determine many of the remote circumstances of the past series of events, ascend to a point which seems to be near their origin, and limit the hypothesis respecting the origin itself; but philosophers have never demonstrated, and, so far as we can judge, probably never will be able to demonstrate, what was the primitive state of things from which the progressive course of the world took its first departure. In all these paths of research, when we travel far backwards, the aspect of the earlier portions becomes very different from that of the advanced part on which we now stand; but in all cases the path is lost in obscurity as it is traced backwards to its starting point: it becomes not only invisible, but unimaginable; it is not only an interruption, but an abyss which interposes itself between us and any intelligible beginning of things.' Here, we have the view of exceptions which is entertained by one of the chief writers of the day, and the superior of one of our greatest academical institutions. The professional position of Dr. Whewell may be held to imply that we should receive from him a view at once leaning to the philosophical, and accommodated as far as possible to the prepossessions expected in a large class of persons. It is remarkable, but not surprising, how weak is the barrier which he has raised to stop our course towards a theory of universal arrangement by ordinary natural law. The necessity alleged by Dr. Whewell for a different set of causes in the early times of our globe, and with regard to the formation of that globe, is, at the very first, liable to strong suspicion, as reminding us much of that well-known propensity of nations to fill up the first chapters of their history with mythic heroes and giants. The subjects of investigation are remote from common research; they are not, and never could have been, chronicled in the manner of modern facts; we are in the regions of the comparatively unknown: hence, something more magnificent or impressive than ordinary must be supposed. Such is the reasoning, or rather no-reasoning. The point at which extraordinary causes have to be supposed is evidently quite arbitrary, resting exactly on the limits of the knowledge existing at any time, and always flying further and further back, in proportion as our knowledge increases. Had Dr. Whewell been writing fifty years ago, he would of course have included among his palætiological sciences, the formation of strata, and the intrusions of the granitic and trappean among the aqueous rocks, which ingenuity has since explained by existing causes; for there is not a single argument for his considering the formation of globes and origin of species as palætiological, which would not have applied with equal force to these phenomena before the days of Pallas and Hutton. Against a theory of mere assumption—a reasoning from ignorance to ignorance—such considerations form serious objections."

We have not room to pursue this able, if not convincing, line of refutation, in which the author cleverly brings in the high name of Herschel to back him.

"Where men are so much perplexed between

two opposite principles, led by science in the one direction and drawn by intellectual indolence or timidity in the other, it is not surprising to find them expressing opinions wholly contradictory. Sir John Herschel some years ago announced views strictly conformable to those subsequently taken of organic creation in my book. 'For my part,' said he, 'I cannot but think it an inadequate conception of the Creator, to assume it as granted that his combinations are exhausted upon any one of the theatres of their former exercise, though, in this, as in all his other works, we are led, by all analogy, to suppose that he operates through a series of intermediate causes, and that, in consequence, the origination of fresh species, could it ever come under our cognisance, would be found to be a natural, in contradistinction to a miraculous process—although we perceive no indications of any process actually in progress which is likely to issue in such a result.' In his address to the British Association at Cambridge (1845), he said, with respect to my hypothesis of the first step of organic creation: 'The transition from an inanimate crystal to a globule capable of such endless organic and intellectual development, is as great a step—as unexplained a one—as unintelligible to us—and in any sense of the word as miraculous, as the immediate creation and introduction upon earth of every species and every individual would be.' The reader will now be able to judge of the views opposed to the theory of universal order. He observes that they are of no distinct unique character, but for the most part follow the measure of ignorance, and are maintained at the expense of consistency. It is not surprising that the idea of an organic creation by special exertion or fiat should be maintained by the advocates of these views, for it is one of the last obscure pieces of scientific ground on which they can shew face. One after another, the phenomena of nature, like so many revolted principalities, have fallen under the dominion of order or law; but here is one little province still faithful to the Bæotian government; and, as it is nearly the last, no wonder it is so vigorously defended. As in the political world, however, men do not trust in the endurance of a dynasty which is reduced to a single city or nook of its dominions, so may we expect a speedy extinction to a doctrine which has been driven from every portion of nature but one or two limited fields."

On the infinite local variation of organic forms, the author founds some very curious and cogent remarks. He says:

"Did the vegetable and animal kingdoms consist of a definite number of species adapted to peculiarities of soil and climate, and universally distributed, the fact would be in harmony with the idea of special exertion. But the truth is, that various regions exhibit variations altogether without apparent end or purpose. Professor Henslow enumerates forty-five distinct floras, or sets of plants, upon the surface of the earth, notwithstanding that many of these would be equally suitable elsewhere. The animals of different continents are equally various, few species being the same in any two, though the general character may conform. The inference at present drawn from this fact is, that there must have been, to use the language of the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, 'separate and original creations, perhaps at different and respectively distant epochs.' It seems hardly conceivable that rational men should give an adherence to such a doctrine, when we think of what it involves. In the single fact that it necessitates a special fiat of the inconceivable Author of this sand-

cloud of worlds to produce the flora of St. Helena, we read its more than sufficient condemnation. It surely harmonises far better with our general ideas of nature, to suppose that, just as all else in this far-spread scene was formed by the laws impressed on it at first by its Author, so also was this. An exception presented to us in such a light, appears admissible only when we succeed in forbidding our minds to follow out those reasoning processes to which, by another law of the Almighty, they tend, and for which they are adapted. I feel that I have dwelt long enough on this part of the question; and yet there are a few geological facts which here call for special comment, and I am loath to overlook them. As is well known, most of the large carnivores and pachyderms of the late tertiary formations very closely resemble existing species; but they are, nevertheless, determined to be distinct species by Professor Owen and other eminent authorities, in consideration of certain peculiarities. The peculiarities are, in general, trifling, such as differences in the tubercles or groovings of the surface of teeth, or greater or less length of body or extremities; but no matter of what the differences consist. Enough for the present that they are held by Mr. Owen and his friends to be of that character which are never passed in generation, but necessarily imply a new creation, a separate effort of divine power. Now, it so happens that all the tertiary species, or so-called species, have not been changed or extirpated. There is a badger of the miocene, which cannot be distinguished from the badger of the present day. Our existing *Meles taxus* is, therefore, acknowledged by Mr. Owen to be 'the oldest known species of mammal on the face of the earth.' It is in like manner impossible to discover any difference between the present wild cat and that which lived in the bone-caves with the hyena, rhinoceros, and tiger of the ante-drift era, all of which are said to be extinct species. So also the otter has survived since an early period in the pliocene, while so many larger animals were shifted. The learned anatomist takes occasion from these facts to speak of a survival by small and weak species of geological changes, which have been accompanied by the extirpation of larger and more formidable animals of allied species. The inference from the facts and doctrines of this school is, that Divine Power has seen fit to change the species of elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, and bears, using special miracles to introduce new ones, one with perhaps an additional tooth, another with a new tubercle or cusp on the third molar; and so forth; while he has seen no occasion for a similar interference with the otter, wild cat, and badger, which, accordingly, have been left undisturbed in their obscurity. Such may be the belief of men of science, anxious to support a theory; but assuredly it will never be received by any ordinary men, of fair understandings, who may be able to read and comprehend the works of Mr. Owen. It were too much for even a child's faith. Yet the Edinburgh reviewer, a member of this school, talks of 'credulity!'"

The author, towards the close, repudiates the idea that his doctrine of universal law, without special interferences, and an agency of intermediate alteration, threatens to injure very sacred principles, and introduce fatalism and materialism in their stead.

"Is (he inquires) our own (i. e. human) position affected injuriously by this view, or can our relation to the universe and its Author be presumed to be so? Assuredly not. Our character is now seen to be a definite part of a

system which is definite. The Deity himself becomes a defined instead of a capricious being. Power to make and to uphold remains his as before, but is invested with a character of tranquillity altogether new—the highest attribute we can conceive, in connexion with power. Viewing him as the Author of this vast scheme, by the mere force of his will, and yet as the indispensably present sustainer of all, seeing that the whole is constructed upon a plan of benevolence and justice, we expand to loftier, more generous, and holy emotions, as we feel that we are essential parts of a system so great and good. The place we hold, in comparison, is humble beyond all statement of a degree; yet it is a certain and intelligible place. We know where we stand, and have some sense also of our chronological place. The years of our existence occupy a space in that mighty series, during some earlier portion of which this globe, since the theatre of glories and of sorrows numberless, was moulded into form. Arithmetic could state, if we knew it, the connexion between the birth of a babe which saw the light an hour ago, and the time when the elements of our astral system began to resolve themselves into those countless orbs, one of which is man's, the stage of his long-descended history, and the bounds within which all his secular phenomena must ever be confined. The unit of each individuality, great or humble in social regard, takes a fixed place in that march of life which rose unreckoned ages ago, and now goes on to a 'weird' which no wizard has pretended to know. We feel that, amidst all the disgrace of trouble and of trespass, we are still the first form of active being after the Greatest, and therefore may well be assured that, immeasurable as is our distance from God, we are still immediately regarded and cared for by him. Surely there is here much to soothe and to encourage. It may be that the individual often suffers innocently to appearance in our present sphere; but then he is part of a system of assured benevolence and justice: having faith in this, he is safe. It may be, as some one has suggested, that there is not only a term of life to the individual, but to the species; and that when the proper time comes, the prolific energy being exhausted, man is transferred to the list of extinct forms. Strange thought, that the beautiful phenomena of personal existence—the thrill of the lover, the mother's smile on cherub infancy, the brightness of loving fire-sides, the aspirations of generous poets and philosophers, the thought cast up and beyond the earthly, that petard which breaks down every door—the tear of penitence, the meekness of the suffering humble, the ardour of the strong in good causes, all that the great and beneficent of all ages have felt, all that each of us now sees and muses on, in his home, his people, his age; that all these should be thus resolved; passing away whole 'equinoxes' into the past, as far as we particular men are concerned, still passing further back as respects the larger personalities called nations, and still further, in inconceivable multiplication, with regard to the species—gone, lost, hushed, in the stillness of a mightier death than has hitherto been thought of! But yet the faith may not be shaken, that that which has been endowed with the power of godlike thought, and allowed to come into communion with its Eternal Author, cannot be truly lost. The vital flame which proceeded from him at first, returns to him in our perfected form at last, bearing with it all good and lovely things, and making of all the far-extending past but one intense present, glorious and everlasting."

This eloquent peroration will also finish our paper; but the reference to Mr. Weekes's experiments in the appendix tempts us to extract their essential results, as described in the letters of that gentleman, and they will be found under our head of Arts and Sciences. We need not detail the accounts of the rigid precautions taken to avert any extraneous introduction or confusion in these experiments; we simply quote the asserted facts.

*Creation by the Immediate Agency of God, as opposed to Creation by Natural Law, &c.* By Thomas Monck Mason, B.A. Pp. 182. London, J. W. Parker.

PUBLISHED shortly before the volume we have just quitted, in this essay Mr. Mason enters upon its refutation. One of its most interesting features is the pointing out the alterations made in the several succeeding editions of the *Vestiges*; where the author has abandoned his arguments, where he has compromised his opinions, where he has changed his tone, where he has omitted, qualified, or substituted—all which are worthy of note, upon a controversy so general and important. In other respects we must content ourselves with observing, that Mr. Mason systematically and ably follows out all the web of argument in the *Vestiges*, and adduces much scientific authority against its reception as truth. He rests upon the Bible, with a dangerous dogma, that if any minute part of it was shown to be fallible, the whole must be abandoned to incredulity; and finally concedes, that as the theory of the *Vestiges* is only capable of being true, and its scheme of creation only a possible mode of accounting for the phenomena he has undertaken to explain, it would still be much wiser to adhere fastly and fixedly to Revelation as the guide to our belief in these matters beyond the reach of mortal intellect.

*Oliver Newman; a New-England Tale (unfinished): with other Poetical Remains.* By the late Robert Southey. Pp. 116. Longmans.

MUCH interest necessarily attaches to the posthumous writings of a celebrated person, and especially to the last utterance of a poet's song. The living music which has charmed our ear from time to time will be heard no more: its latest voice is a strain from the dead. What is here sadly said of a portrait, *mutato nomine*, will apply as touchingly to a book:

"There was a troubled meaning in his look  
And o'er his brow an ashy paleness spread  
As forth he took

A little casket, and, with trembling hand  
Presenting it to Leverett, said:

'Thus I discharge my mother's last command;  
On her death-bed she told me I should need  
No other friend with you in my behalf to plead.'

The governor's countenance changed as he received  
That message from the dead;

And when he opened and contemplated  
The sad bequest,

Tears filled his eyes, which could not be repress.  
It was a woman's picture, in her youth  
And bloom portrayed, by Cooper's perfect skill.

The eyes, which death had quenched,  
Kept there their life and living lustre still;

The auburn locks, which sorrow's withering hand,  
Forestalling time, had changed to early grey,  
Disparting from the ivory forehead, fell

In ringlets which might tempt the breath of May;  
The lips, now cold as clay,  
Seemed to breathe warmth and vernal fragrance

there;

The cheeks were in their maiden freshness fair,  
Thus had the limner's art divine preserved  
A beauty which from earth had passed away."

Thus may we, sorrowing, receive the transcript likeness of the mind of Southey; which, though imperfectly delineated in a fragmentary form, yet bears the impress of many of its features sufficiently plain to recall his memory

vividly to the sense. In the preface, by Mr. Herbert Hill, we are told, that "Oliver Newman" was not a rapid production; the first idea of it seems to have arisen in his mind in 1811; it was commenced in January 1815, and having been continued at different intervals, amid the pressure of more urgent business, received its last additions in September 1829. Although this is not the place to speak critically, one observation perhaps may be pardoned—that this poem seems to possess, in a considerable degree, a quality which some of the author's other poems were judged by several critics to be deficient in, viz. a human interest: we feel that we are among persons of a like nature with ourselves, and their sufferings touch the heart."

The author's own sketch of its plan is given in a short appendix, from which we learn that the hero, Oliver Newman, is the son of the regicide Goffe, who, with his father-in-law and also brother-regicide Whalley, are seeking concealment in America after the Restoration, which brought some of their associates to the scaffold. The modern Telemachus crosses the Atlantic to join and succour them on the death of his mother; and his outward voyage—during which a female death occurs on board the ship, and throws a beautiful girl on his protection; and he also redeems from cruel slavery the wife and two children of an Indian chief, and carries them along with him—opens the poem in a finely descriptive style, and inducts us into his character through the fatal event alluded to:

"The summer sun is riding high  
Amid a bright and cloudless sky;  
Beneath whose deep o'erarching blue  
The circle of the Atlantic sea,  
Reflecting back a deeper hue,  
Is heaving peacefully.

The winds are still, the ship with idle motion  
Rocks gently on the gentle ocean;  
Loose hang her sails, awaiting when the breeze  
Again shall wake to waft her on her way.  
Glancing beside, the dolphins, as they play,  
Their gorgeous tints suffused with gold display;  
And gay bonitos in their beauty glide:  
With arrowy speed in close pursuit,  
They through the azure waters shoot;  
A feebler shoal before them in affright  
Spring from the wave, and in short flight,  
On wet and plumelless wing essay  
The aerial element;

The greedy followers, on the chase intent,  
Dart forward still with keen and upturned sight,  
And, to their proper danger blind the while,  
Heed not the sharks, which have for many a day  
Hovered behind the ship, presentment of their prey.

So fair a season might persuade  
You onward to try the fisher's trade;  
Yet from the stern no line is hung,  
Nor balt by eager sea-boy flung,  
Nor doth the watchful sailor stand  
Alert to strike, harpoon in hand.  
Upon the deck assembled, old and young,  
Bareheaded all in reverence, see them there;  
Behold where, hoisted half mast high,  
The English flag hangs mournfully;  
And hark! what solemn sounds are these  
Heard in the silence of the seas?

'Man that is born of woman, short his time,  
And full of woe! he springeth like a flower,  
Or like the grass, that, green at morning prime,  
Is out and withereth ere the evening hour;  
Never doth he continue in one stay.'  
But like a shadow doth he pass away.  
It was that awful strain, which saith  
How in the midst of life we are in death:  
'Yet not for ever, O Lord God most High;  
Saviour, yet not for ever shall we die!'

Ne'er from a voice more eloquent did prayer  
Arise with fervent piety sincere.  
To every heart, of all the listening ear,  
It made its way, and drew  
Even from the hardy seaman's eyes a tear.  
'God,' he pursued, 'hath taken to himself  
The soul of our departed sister dear:  
We then commit her body to the deep:—  
He paused, and, at the word,  
The coffin's plunge was heard.



A female voice of anguish then broke forth  
With sobs convulsive of a heart oppress'd.  
It was a daughter's agonising cry;  
But soon hath she repent  
The fit of passionate grief,  
And listening patiently,  
In that religious effort gained relief.  
Beside the grey-haired captain doth she stand;  
One arm is linked in his; the other hand  
Hid with the handkerchief her face, and prest  
Her eyes, whence burning tears continuous flow.  
Down hung her head upon her breast,  
And thus the maiden stood in silent woe.  
Again was heard the preacher's earnest voice:  
"It bade the righteous in their faith rejoice,  
Their sure and certain hope in Christ; for blest  
Is He who is they who from their labours rest.  
It rose into a high thanksgiving strain  
And praised the Lord, who from a world of pain  
Had now been pleased to set his servant free;  
Hasten thy kingdom, Lord, that all may rest in thee!"

In manhood's fairest prime was he who prayed,  
Even in the flower and beauty of his youth.  
These holy words and fervent tones portrayed  
The feelings of his inmost soul sincere!  
For scarce two months had filled their short career  
Since from the grave of her who gave him birth  
That sound had struck upon his ear:  
When to the doleful words of 'Earth to earth'  
His dead response the senseless coffin gave—  
Oh! who can e'er forget that echo of the grave?"

In the same vessel is a passenger named  
Randolph, a zealous royalist; and between him  
and the young puritan much argument ensues,  
supporting the views and opinions of either  
party. This controversy, in which the captain  
occasionally joins, relieves the general solemnity  
of the composition with humour: as thus,  
speaking of a different class of godly emigrants,  
the seamen break out:

Oh, hang the broad face and round head,  
—big as a ship,  
Hard as iron, and heavy as lead!  
I have whistled for a wind ere now,  
And thought it cheap to crack a sail,  
If it sent the canvas breasted below.  
Jonah was three days in the whale;  
But I have had fellows here, I trow,  
With lungs of brazen power,  
Who would not fail to preach a whale  
agony. Dead sick in half an hour.

One Sunday, when on the banks we lay,  
These roundheads, think ye, what did they?  
Because, they said, 'twas the Sabbath-day,  
And hallowed by the Lord,  
They took the fish which their servants caught,  
And drew them on the shore.  
'Noman is made of different clay;  
He walks in his own quiet way."

It is then discovered that he is a friend and  
admirer of Milton, and the dialogue proceeds:

Captain. This is stark madness.  
Randolph. Or stark poetry.—  
Two things as near as Grub Street and Moorfields;  
But he came bravely off; for softening soon,  
To his habitual sauciness, he said,  
Far was it from his thought to vindicate  
His deeds of treason and of blood. The wise  
Had sometimes erred, the virtuous gone astray:  
Too surely in ourselves we felt the seed  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe.  
His friend, like other men, had drawn a part  
Of that sad heritage; he loved in him  
His wisdom and his virtue, not his faults."

Captain. And we must needs admit, he hath not  
left.  
His native country in that piggish mood  
Which neither will be led nor driven, but grunts  
And strives with stubborn neck and grunting snout,  
Staggering through mire and brake, to right and left,  
No matter where, so it can only take  
The way it shall not go. One of that herd,  
Rather than rend the service, would have seen  
The dead thrown overboard without a prayer.  
Randolph. Yet he hath freaks and follies of opinion;  
The bubbles of a yeasty mind, that works  
As it would crack its vessel.

Captain. They are ever  
The sweetest nuts in which the maggot breeds.  
Randolph. But once fly-stricken, what avails their  
sweetness?

Only to feed a pampered grub, that leaves  
Nothing but dirt and hollowness behind it.  
Tainted the young man is, and deeply too."

Randolph. Howbeit 'twill win him  
Worship and friends in the city of the saints;

And, to the ears of sober Boston men,  
Oliver will be a name more savoury  
Than Tribulation, or Stand-fast-in-the-Lord,  
Increase or Nathan, Gershom, Ichabod,  
Praise-God, or any of the Burebones breed.  
They rise upon the oak-holiday with faces  
A full inch longer than they took to bed;  
Experienced nurses feed their babes that day  
With spoons, because the mother's milk is sour;  
And when they mourn upon the Martyrdom,  
'Tis for the expiation, not the crime.  
Oh, they love dearly one of the precious seed!  
Tyburn, since Sixty, in their secret hearts  
Holds place of Calvary. For saints and martyrs,  
None like their own Hugh Peters, and the heads  
On the Hall your only relics!"

These quotations afford very accurate examples  
of the poem in its better parts; for the  
interviews and conversations between Oliver  
and Leverett are rather tedious; and so is the  
history of the first settlements, the intercourse  
with the natives, and the causes of the war which  
ragged at the date of subject.

The versification, it will be seen, assumes  
every shape, from blank verse to irregulars  
without name in the critic's vocabulary. Single  
lines of much beauty often strike us; but as we  
cannot insulate them, they must be left to the  
reader's taste, whilst we endeavour to extract  
a few specimens more intelligible in a separate  
condition:

"Moments there are in life,—alas, how few!—  
When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,  
We take a generous impulse for our guide,  
And, following promptly what the heart thinks best,  
Commit to Providence the rest,  
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise  
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.  
And happy they who thus in faith obey  
Their better nature: err sometimes they may,  
And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast,  
Such as by hope deceived are left behind;  
But, like a shadow, these will pass away  
From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind."

"We must patiently await  
The hour of his release. With time and death  
Sure reckoning may be made."

Old Goffe described by Leverett:

"But if the patient  
Reject the means of cure? He will not leave  
A place of refuge which the Lord prepared  
For him in his distress; and where full surely  
He trusts the call will reach him, to come forth  
And fight the battles of the good old cause,  
For which he doth endure contentedly  
This living martyrdom. Thy father thus  
Would answer thee; the malady is rooted  
In him so deeply now. It is become  
Essential in his being: long success,  
Beyond the most audacious of his thoughts,  
Fed and inflamed it first; long suffering since  
Hath as it were annealed it in his soul  
With stubborn fortitude, bewildered faith,  
Love, hatred, indignation, all strong passions,  
The bitterest feelings and the tenderest thoughts,  
Yea, all his earthly, all his heavenly hopes,  
And Russel—for such sympathy alone  
Could influence him to harbour long such guests—  
Fosters the old delusion which he shares,  
And ministers to it, even in his prayers."

The following is not inapplicable to the  
grand struggle of the present hour:

"Men and times were changed when the elder youth  
Succeeded to his sire; for the colonists,  
Now well acquainted with these Indian neighbours,  
Loathed their unseemly usages, abhorred  
Their most incredible cruelty, despised  
Their easy ignorance, and practised on it.  
I seek not to conceal our own offences:  
Compared with other nations,—even with England,  
Such as corrupted England long hath been,—  
We are a sober, yet a righteous people:  
But trade, which in the mother-land is one  
Of many wheels, bearing a part alone,  
And that too but subordinate, in the movements  
Of a complicate and wonderful machine,  
Is in our simple order the mainspring  
That governs all. And where trade rules, alas!  
Whatever name be worshipped in the temples,  
Mammon receives the heart's idolatry,  
And is the god of the land."

Southey would not have been an Anti-Corn-  
law Leaguer—but we have done with the principal  
poem, which breaks off as abruptly as we

have done, in the midst of a forest into which  
Oliver and his companions have journeyed, on  
their way to seek the refugees and Indian tribes:

"Unsay now became perforce!  
The inevitable intercourse,  
Too grateful heretofore:  
Each in the other could descry  
The tone that constrained, the altered eye.  
They knew that each to each could seem  
No longer as of yore;  
And yet, while thus estranged, I deem  
Each loved the other more.  
Hers was perhaps the saddest heart:  
His the more forced and painful part.  
A sense of proper maiden pride  
To her the needful strength supplied,  
Then first perhaps the virgin thought  
How large a dower of love and faithfulness  
Her gentle spirit could have brought  
A kindred heart to bless;  
Herself then first she understood  
With what capacities endued  
Then first, by undeserved neglect  
Roused to a consciousness of self-respect,  
Felt she was not more willing to be won  
Than worthy to be woo'd."

Had they from such disturbing thoughts been free,  
It had been sure for them  
A gladsome sight to see  
The Indian children, with what glee  
They breathed their native air of liberty,  
Food to the weary man with toil forewent  
Not more refreshment brings  
Than did the forest breeze upon its wings  
To these true younglings of the wilderness  
A happy sight, a sight of hearts content!  
For blithe were they  
As swallows, wheeling in the summer sky  
At close of day:  
As insects, when on high  
Their many dance they thread  
In myriads overhead,  
Where sunbeams through the thinner foliage gleam,  
Or spin in rapid circles as they play,  
Where winds are still,  
Upon the surface of the unrippled stream:  
Yea, gamesome in their innocence were they  
As lambs in fragrant pasture, at their will  
The udder, when to press  
They run, for hunger less  
Than joy, and very love and wantonness."

The sketch already mentioned shews as how  
the author meant to conduct and conclude the  
story, which, after many adventures, was to end  
happily.

The other remains are very slight, and  
chiefly remarkable for a psychological mani-  
festation.

"Of the other pieces here collected (says  
Mr. Hill), the 'Fragmentary Thoughts' occasioned  
by his Son's Death,' and the 'Short Passages  
of Scripture,' are printed as much for the  
purpose of giving fresh proof of the purity and  
elevation of his character, as for their own  
intrinsic beauty. His son Herbert—of whom he  
wrote thus in the Colloquies, 'I called to mind  
my hopeful H— too, so often the sweet  
companion of my morning walks to this very spot,  
in whom I had fondly thought my better part  
should have survived me, and

'With whom it seemed my very life  
Went half away'—"

died 17th April, 1816, being about ten years  
old, a boy of remarkable genius and sweetness  
of disposition. These Fragments bear a date  
at their commencement, 3d May, 1816; but do  
not seem all written at the same time. The  
author at one time contemplated founding upon  
them a considerable work, of a meditative and  
deeply serious cast. But although he, like Schil-  
ler, after the vanishing of his Ideals, always  
found 'employment, the never-tiring, one of  
his truest friends,—yet this particular form of  
employment, which seemed at first attractive to  
him, had not, when tried, the soothing effect  
upon his feelings which was needful; and in  
March, 1817, he writes, that 'he had not reco-  
vered heart enough to proceed with it.' But the  
curiosity is that such an affliction  
could be proceeded with at all, and that regular



biasts, and grounds, and pieces for the melancholy mosaic could have been associated with the deep feelings of utter and irremediable misery. The Poet to a certain extent superseded the Father; and the arrangement and expression of thoughts to be used in lamentation have to us a more strange than agreeable aspect. We transcribe the whole, as a very novel and singular exhibition of the manner in which literary genius and habits can turn the individual from the deepest of mortal sorrows—the death of such a son.

"Thy life was a day; and sum it well, life is but a week of such days,—with how much storm, and cold, and darkness! Thine was a sweet spring holiday,—a vernal Sabbath, all sunshine, hope, and promise.

and that name  
In sacred silence buried, which was still  
At morn and eve the never-wearying theme  
Of dear discourse.

playful thoughts  
Turn'd now to gall and cisel.

He to whom Heaven in mercy hath assigned  
Life's wholesome wornwood, fears no bitterness  
When  
From the hand of death he drinks the Amreeta cup.

Beauties of nature,—the passion of my youth,  
Nursed up and ripened to a settled love,  
Whereto my heart is wedded.

Feeling at Westminster, when summer evening sent  
a sadness to my heart, and I sate pining for green  
fields, and banks of flowers, and running streams,—or  
dreaming of Avon and her rocks and woods.

No more great attempts, only a few autumnal flowers,  
like these primroses, &c.

They who look for me in our Father's kingdom  
Will look for him also; inseparably  
Shall we be so remembered.

The grave the house of hope:  
It is the haven whither we are bound  
On the rough sea of life, and thence she lands  
us in her own country, on the immortal shore.

Come, then,  
Pain and Infirmity—appointed guests,  
My heart is ready.

My soul  
Needed perhaps a longer discipline,  
Or sorer penance, here.

A respite something like repose is gained  
While I invoke them, and the troubled tide  
Of feeling, for a while allayed, obeys  
A tranquillising influence, that might seem  
By some benign intelligence dispensed,  
Who lends an ear to man.

They are not, though,  
More unrealities; rather, I ween,  
The ancient poets, in the graceful garb  
Of fiction, have transmitted earliest truths,  
All understood; adorning, as they deemed,  
With mythic tales things erringly received,  
And mingling with primal verities  
Their own devices vain. For what to us  
Scripture assures, by searching proof confirmed,  
And inward certainty of sober faith,  
Tradition unto them delivered down  
Changed and corrupted in the course of time,  
And haply also by delusive art  
Of evil powers."

Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-West  
Africa. By G. Tams, M.D. Translated  
from the German by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 2  
vols. 12mo. London, Newby.

In 1841 Senhor Ribeira dos Santos, the Portu-  
guese consul-general at Altona, fitted out an  
expedition consisting of six vessels, laden with  
a various assortment of goods, for the coast of  
Angola, with the purpose of visiting every  
European station, and trading with them. At  
the head of this "experimental squadron" went  
the consul himself, taking with him Dr. Tams  
as a medical and scientific companion, and two  
young naturalists, Mr. Wrede, of Hanover, as

botanist, and Mr. Grosbendner, of Hamburg.\*  
He also carried with him a band of six musi-  
cians, and a young Portuguese linguist as his  
secretary. The voyage so well planned began  
in inauspicious misfortune; for Mr. Albers, a  
friend of Dos Santos, was accidentally drowned  
as he was seeing him on his way; and before  
they reached the African coast, Mr. Lima, who  
had been sent out some years before to prepare  
for these more extended operations, died at  
Loanda. And the enterprise but too sadly  
realised these ill-omens. M. Dos Santos and  
nearly all his associates (including Wrede,  
Grosbendner, and the secretary) fell sacrifices  
to the pestilential climate of Africa; and Dr.  
Tams, nearly alone, returned to tell the tale  
of their calamities, and give the world, in a very  
simple manner, the interesting accounts con-  
tained in these volumes.

He visited Benguela, Novo Redondo, Loanda,  
and Ambriz; and it was a notice of the latter  
almost unknown little negro kingdom, published  
in the *Hamburg Literary Journal*, that recalled  
European attention to the enterprise which had  
excited so much curiosity and jealousy on its  
setting out, and provoked a desire to learn  
more of its particular details. They are here  
recorded: and before turning to the most novel  
of them (after the accounts we have had of the  
country from the English surveys of Vidal and  
Owen in 1825, and Tuckey and others since  
that time), we have only to state that the author  
decidedly denies a suspicion thrown out against  
Dos Santos, that his was a slave-trading voyage.  
On the contrary, he affirms that it was purely  
mercantile; and is himself so zealous an an-  
tagonist of the vile and unholy traffic, that we  
think credit should be given to his assertion,  
and the memory of the deceased held clear of  
this imputation. With regard to the trade it-  
self, it appears from this work that it is, at  
least on the coast of Angola, "in the hands of  
a few individuals, many of whom are not na-  
tives of Portugal, but have been sent to those  
colonies as convicts, often for crimes of the  
deepest dye; that they are not subject to any  
control or restriction, but are at liberty to direct  
every effort to one sole object—the rapid ac-  
quisition of wealth; that the slave-trade alone  
paralyzes every endeavour to improve the  
boundless commercial advantages which might  
be derived from the infinite variety and excel-  
lence of the natural productions of the country;  
and that this dominant evil reduces these co-  
lonies, which might become the most flourish-  
ing in the world, to a state of dependence on  
Brazil, and even on Europe, not only for many  
of the luxuries, but even for the daily necessa-  
ries of life."

Unhappily it is acknowledged, notwithstand-  
ing all the efforts of England, and other well-  
disposed allied nations, the extent and horrors  
of the middle passage have been increased, and  
the flags of more than one foreign power con-  
tinue to cover this infernal traffic. Let us hope  
that the treaty with France, another of the no-  
ble acts of one of the truest and greatest states-  
men of the age, M. Guizot, and now on the eve  
of being put in execution by that country, will  
strengthen the Christian cause, and effectually  
aid in restraining, if not exterminating, the  
moral pestilence.

Now to the Expedition. It touched at the  
Cape de Verd Isles, stopped a while at San An-  
tonio and San Vincente, passed on to the African

shores, the first view of which is described as  
nearly resembling some Danish islands, and  
landed at Benguela. From the stay at San An-  
tonio we copy the following anecdotes:

"In the evening, I accompanied Mr. Bur-  
nay to the sea-side, for the purpose of enjoying  
a bath; but I had the misfortune to tread upon  
the *serpula lambricalis*, which almost every where  
completely covers the rock: some of the sharp  
spines entered the ball of my foot, and as I  
could not extract them, the inflammation and  
swelling which ensued rendered it almost im-  
possible for me to walk for several days. Ac-  
cidents of this nature are common here, and the  
negroes employ the very simple remedy of ap-  
plying a warm bandage of baked bananas, which  
they continue to renew for several days. I un-  
hesitatingly submitted to their medical expe-  
rience, and was shortly relieved from the violent  
pain occasioned by the wound. Our naturalists  
met with an equally disagreeable accident a few  
hours earlier the same day. After bathing, and  
while still dripping with sea-water, they very  
imprudently walked along the beach before they  
were dressed, collecting shells and mollusca.  
They thus exposed their uncovered backs for a  
considerable time to the beams of the sun, in  
consequence of which, they were immediately  
seized with a violent fever, and their backs were  
for several days as raw and tender as if an im-  
mense blister had been applied. These conse-  
quences, annoying in themselves, were, never-  
theless, a very useful warning for the future."

Of San Vincente we read: *and names add*  
"The whole of the little town is composed  
of ill-built wooden barracks, and presents a pic-  
ture of the most abject poverty; the consequent  
impurity of a host of beggars was, as may be  
conceived, quite intolerable. Money was com-  
paratively of no value; but a cigar or a little  
tobacco soon satisfied them. The soil is so  
sterile, that it produces only a scanty herbage  
for goats, and the prevailing drought had so  
completely shrivelled the vegetation of the  
higher parts of the rock, that in a walk across  
the island I saw no less than thirty goats which  
had perished for want of food; their decayed  
carcasses had attracted swarms of muck-worms,  
and infected the air to a considerable distance.  
Through the kindness of the governor, we ob-  
tained two cows, which had been fed upon rushes  
and grass, fetched from San Antonio for the  
purpose; but the poor animals had, notwith-  
standing, been so completely starved, that they  
looked like calves rather than cows, and were  
carried on board without the slightest difficulty,  
by one man. I was told that there was no  
spring in the whole island, with the exception  
of one which issues a few yards behind the go-  
vernor's residence; but I question this, because  
I every where found tracks of goats even in the  
most distant parts of the island."

At Benguela: *and names add*  
"The arrival of caravans from remote parts  
of the interior presents a novel and very in-  
teresting scene to the eye of a stranger, from  
the variety of the weapons, dress, and physi-  
ognomy, by which each tribe is distinguished.  
Numerous groups are seen in every street,  
dancing with extravagant wildness to some  
wretched music; sometimes they sing for hours  
together in a melancholy strain; and yet the  
songs contain nothing more than the words,—  
'Benguela is a handsome town, and has hand-  
some women.'

"As soon as darkness sets in, all hurry  
anxiously home; even the negroes desert the  
street, or lie round a blazing fire in front of  
the dwellings, or, if obliged to be abroad, carry  
lighted torches in their hands to scare away the

\* The preface tells us he devoted himself to *entomology*, p. xxxiii.; we presume a misprint for *entomology*!—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

\* We may mention that Capt. Tuckey's *Journal* originally appeared in the *Lit. Gaz.*—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

wild beasts. 'Darkness seems to be alive,' for the silence of night is broken by the cries of ravenous beasts of prey, chiefly the hyena, whose presence in the town is immediately announced by the howling of the dogs, which slink away in evident terror. While the European stranger is filled with apprehension at the proximity of such neighbours, the inhabitants, who are accustomed to it from childhood, are almost indifferent to it, although it is by no means unusual for men to fall a prey to these ravenous creatures. Indeed, only a few days before our arrival, a female slave was devoured by a lion close to the town, at noon-day. The terrors of the night are quickly dispelled by the transcendent beauty of the morning. Earth glows in her primeval beauty, all nature smiles in the loveliest verdure, and the delicious coolness of the atmosphere invites every one to enjoy the early dawn. From half-past five till eight o'clock, when the sun gradually dispels the silvery mist that is spread over the earth, is the busiest part of the day, and the time most enjoyed by the European; the merchant then attends to his business, the physician visits his patients, and the negro goes a-fishing, or looks to his maize and tapioca, when he cultivates any, which is not often the case. Suddenly the whole scene changes; the sun begins to shoot down his vertical rays, and the European, who dreads the fierce magnificence of this glorious luminary like the pestilence, retires to his house for the day, while the negro lies down before his hut, smokes tobacco, and basks in the sun; but neither dance nor song is heard. The numerous birds disappear; the little parrot and the African humming-birds seek the thickest shade; the songsters of the woods are mute; and the plants, which but a moment before looked vigorous and fresh, languidly droop their leaves. The pulses of nature seem to be stopped; every sound is hushed; there is not a breath, not a motion in earth or sky; an unearthly death-like stillness prevails, which, combined with the oppressive heat, is more trying to bear than all the terrors and discomforts of the night. On looking abroad, the atmosphere appears in glistering motion; the eye cannot endure the glare of light, and yet the sun is always veiled in mist; the thermometer generally rises in the shade to 93° or 94°, and sometimes to 102° or 105° F. All creation is wrapped in such profound repose, that the most solitary spots may be visited without risk, because not even a wild beast rises from its lair, or coiled serpent issues from its dark retreat. The unhappy slaves alone, the lawful masters of the soil, are not allowed by their cruel European owners to take repose at a time which nature herself seems to have appointed. In the awful silence of noon, the clank of the chains of the passing slaves falls reproachfully on the ear as they toil on their weary way to fetch water from the distant river Catumbella, or carry goods to the sea-coast. These miserable beings, fastened eight, ten, or even fifteen to one chain, then present a picture of the most abject misery. They often retain the ornaments and the bushy hair of which they were so proud in their happier days, to which their toil-worn frames and melancholy gait form a sad contrast. Few of them seemed accustomed to their present condition, nor is it likely that they ever will be; because their avaricious owners have no sooner purchased them, than they endeavour to dispose of them at a higher price. Others, who have been longer in a state of slavery, appear resigned to their unnatural lot; but the condition of their bodies bears indisputable evidence

of the barbarous treatment which they have experienced; half-starved, and almost reduced to a skeleton, they often bear on their naked backs the marks of their owners' tyranny. But if we enter the slave-yards the picture is yet far more fearful. These yards are generally about sixty feet square, and frequently contain from one hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes. In the midst of this mass of human beings, it is very common to find swine or goats; for their protection little sheds have been erected, while man is wantonly exposed by his fellow-man to the powerful influence of the dew, the rain, and the sun:

'No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,  
On earth no sheltering bower.'

With heartless indifference the Portuguese slave-merchant conducts the stranger into these court-yards—the warehouse where he keeps his human merchandise; but while the sight of this heart-sickening scene harrows up every generous feeling, it inspires him with no sensation but that of fiendish joy at the possession of so much wealth, just as the sordid miser gloats with delight over his accumulated hoards."

Appalling picture and contrast: how glorious is Nature! how horrible man!

"All the slave-dealers (Dr. T. goes on to inform us) in Benguela are Portuguese, with the exception of two or three Italians, and their iniquitous trade is so flourishing, that in the year 1838, nearly 20,000 slaves were exported. This I was told by several of the dealers themselves; and it is certain that this number has not diminished within the last few years, but rather the contrary. It is, however, extremely difficult to obtain a correct statement; for the slaves are frequently put on board at other parts of the coast, because, to the honour of Britain be it said, the vigilance of her men-of-war renders it very dangerous for the slavers to leave Benguela. Nay, in some extreme cases, whole cargoes of slaves are despatched in forced marches to the new Portuguese colony, Mossamedes, which is nearly ninety miles distant, and is said to have an excellent harbour."

It is supposed that the government of Benguela will soon be removed to this more favourable site. Of the native population we are told:

"Both men and women pay more attention to the adorning of their bodies than to the clothes which they wear; and are sometimes most ridiculously overlaid with all kinds of gewgaws. Strings of glass and porcelain beads are an indispensable ornament, and the negroes often wind them in such profusion round their necks, that the contour of the throat is entirely lost. The little children, in addition to these necklaces, wear rows of beads around the arm and wrist, and below the elbow; and three similar bands on the corresponding parts of the legs. The latter ornaments, curiously wrought of elephants' hair, are frequently worn by adults. Gold or brass ear-rings are almost universally worn, and are in great requisition among the rich. Another very usual custom, especially in the vicinity of Benguela, is the ornament of a copper or iron ring round the wrist and instep, about as thick as a finger; and not being connected together, they make a loud tinkling at every movement. The number of these rings is an indication of the rank or wealth of the wearer, and consequently nobody is permitted to wear one more than he is entitled to. The most distinguished ornaments are spiral rings, from three to eightfold, which latter are worn exclusively by the kings—the privilege being strictly confined to regal dignity. \* \* \*

Some of the tribes of the interior have a particularly troublesome method of plating the hair, and which is constantly seen in Benguela. They divide the hair into many thousand little braids, and considering the peculiar curly nature of the negroes' hair, must require considerable art, and a good stock of patience. A red, yellow, or blue bead, is drawn over the end of each braid; or, which is perhaps more frequent, each plat is covered with as many various coloured beads as it can possibly hold. When the hair is thus arranged, it hangs down over the shoulders, and makes a noise at the slightest movement; whereas, when there are no beads attached to the braids, they stand off stiffly all round the head, and give it a very ugly appearance. Those who wear their hair in this Medusa-like fashion, invariably place the additional ornament of a beautiful feather on the crown of the head, or behind the ears. The most prevalent mode is, to shave portions of the head, according to individual fancy, and form the remaining hair into the most ridiculous tufts; some, for instance, shave the hair quite close, with the exception of a small bunch, which is left on the crown, and which looks exactly like a worsted tassel. This almost appears to be an imitation of the Chinese; but the hair of the negroes is never so long, nor in this case is it ever braided. Other negroes have only a narrow strip of hair, running from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and is evidently intended to resemble the mane of a wild beast; and thus the object of acquiring a savage and warlike appearance is unquestionably attained. Others, again, shave one-half of the head—either one side, the back, or the front; leaving the other half in its natural state, &c. &c."

[To be continued.]

*A Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Slavonic Languages.* By Prof. Bopp. Translated from the German principally by Lieut. Eastwick, M.R.A.S. Conducted through the press by H. H. Wilson, M.A. F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 456. London, Madden and Malcolm.

WE are ready to admit this to be one of the most learned philological volumes ever published,—one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of grammatical knowledge and skill,—one of the most minute investigations and comparisons of the numerous languages indicated on the title-page—but, except for learned reference, it is unquestionably the driest work we ever endeavoured to understand.

If Prof. Bopp had been at Babel when the confusion of tongues took place, the miracle would have been infinitely greater; for it must have been "confusion worse confounded" to have put it out of his power to trace the languages into one another, and explain them all!

"I contemplate in this work (he announces) a description of the comparative organisation of the languages enumerated in the title-page, comprehending all the features of their relationship, and an inquiry into their physical and mechanical laws, and the origin of the forms which distinguish their grammatical relations. One point alone I shall leave untouched, the secret of the roots, or the foundation of the nomenclature of the primary ideas. I shall not investigate, for example, why the root *I* signifies 'go' and not 'stand'; why the combination of sounds *STHA* or *STA* signifies 'stand' and not 'go.' I shall attempt, apart from this, to follow out, as it were, the language in its stages of being and march of development; yet,

in such a manner, that those who are predetermined not to recognise, as explained, that which they maintain to be inexplicable, may perhaps find less to offend them in this work than the avowal of such a tendency might lead them to expect."

And he goes to the business manfully, encountering, we think, his greatest difficulty with the conjectural Zend, whilst endeavouring to fulfil what he describes to be the teacher's duty, and "pass beyond the narrow limits of one or two members of a family; and he must summon around him the representatives of the entire race, in order to infuse life, order, and organic mutual dependency into the mass of the languages spread before him. To attempt this appears to me the main requirement of the present period, and past centuries have been accumulating materials for the task." But the Zend is a stumbling-block; for he confesses: "The Zend grammar can only be recovered by the process of a severe regular etymology, calculated to bring back the unknown to the known, the much to the little; for this remarkable language, which, in many respects, reaches beyond, and is an improvement on, the Sanscrit, and makes its theory more attainable, would appear to be no longer intelligible to the disciples of Zoroaster. Rask, who had the opportunity to satisfy himself on this head, says expressly (V. d. Hagen, p. 33) that its forgotten lore has yet to be rediscovered. I am also able, I believe, to demonstrate that the Pehlvi translator (tom. ii. pp. 476, et seq.) of the Zend vocabulary, edited by Anquetil, has frequently and entirely failed in conveying the grammatical sense of the Zend words which he translates. The work abounds with singular mistakes; and the distorted relation of Anquetil's French translation to the Zend expressions is usually to be ascribed to the mistakes in the Pehlvi interpretations of the Zend original." Prof. Bopp believes he has got a clue to correct all these imposing blunders: we cannot decide.

Nor is it possible for us to convey to our readers any idea of his most laborious labours. We can hardly offer an intelligible specimen. We try.

"The High German bears the same regular relation to the Gothic as the latter to the Greek, and substitutes its aspirates for the Gothic tenues and Greek medials; its tenues for the Gothic medials and Greek aspirates; and its medials for the Gothic aspirates and Greek tenues. Yet the Gothic labial and guttural medial exhibits itself unaltered in most of the Old High German authorities, as in the Middle and Modern High German; for instance, Gothic *biuga*, 'flecto,' Old High German *bingu* and *piuku*, Middle High German *biuge*, Modern High German *biege*. For the Gothic *f*, the Old High German substitutes *g*, especially as a first letter. In the *t*-sounds, *z* in High German (*te*) replaces an aspirate. The Gothic has no aspiration of the *k*; and either replaces the Greek *κ* by the simple aspiration *h*, in which case it sometimes coincides with the Sanscrit *ह*;

or it falls to the level of the High German, and, in the middle or end of words, usually gives *g* instead of *k*, the High German adhering, as regards the beginning of words, to the Gothic practice, and participating with that dialect in the use of the *h*. We give here Grimm's table, illustrating the law of these substitutions, p. 584:

Greek . . . . .	P	B	F	T	D	Th	K	G	Ch
Gothic . . . . .	P	B	F	Th	T	D	K	G	
Old High German	B(P)	F	P	D	Z	T	G	K	X

Again, and more to our purpose, as it affects

such ancient inscriptions as frequently come under our cognisance:

"The Greek affords few specimens of variability at the end of words, excepting from peculiarities of dialect, as the substitution of *p* for *s*. The alteration of the *v* in the article in old inscriptions, and in the prefixes *σνν*, *εν*, and *πάλιν*, seems analogous to the changes which the terminating *m* in Sanscrit undergoes in all cases with reference to the letter which follows. The concluding *v* in Greek is also generally a derivative from *μ*, and corresponds to this letter, which the Greek never admits as a termination in analogous forms of the Sanscrit, Zend, and Latin. *N* frequently springs from a terminating *s*; thus, for instance, *μεν* (Doric *μες*) and the dual *των* answer to the Sanscrit personal terminations *मस्*

*mas*, *थस्* *thas*, *तस्* *tas*. I have found this explanation, which I have given elsewhere, of the origin of the *v* from *s*, subsequently confirmed by the Pracrit, in which, in like manner, the concluding *s* of the instrumental termination plural *भिस्* *bhis* has passed into the dull *n*, and *हिं* *hin* is said for *bhis*. An

operation, which has a prejudicial effect on many Greek terminations, and disturbs the relation to kindred languages, is the suppression of the *t*-sound at the end of words, where in Sanscrit, Zend, and Latin, it plays an essential part."

The following particular notice is curious: "I know only two words in Sanscrit which terminate in *औ* *au*-*नौ* *nau*, 'ship,' and

*ग्लौ* *glau*, 'moon': the former has navigated very far on the ocean of our wide province of language, without, however, in Sanscrit, having arrived at a secure etymological haven. I be-

lieve *नौ* *nau* to be an abbreviation of *snau* (cf. *पैव*, *पैव*, *ruo*, with *सु* *su*), and that it

therefore proceeds from the root *सन* *snā*, 'to bathe,' which originally, perhaps, may also

have meant 'to swim,' and with which *वद्व*, *vēv*, *na-to*, appear to be connected. *नौ* *nau* would consequently be a radical word; and in regard to the vowel would stand for *nā*, according to the analogy of *ददौ* *daddū* (*dadi*, *dadi*) for *dadd*,

from *dadd-a*. As *a* is a grave vowel, the Greek cannot represent the Sanscrit Vriiddhi-diphthong *औ* *au* better than by *av*, while *ओ* *o* (from short *a* + *u*) is commonly represented by

*ev* or *ov*. Hence *नौस्* *nau-s* and *वाडः* *vaḍ* correspond as exactly as possible; the *v* of *NAT*, however, like that of *BOT*, has maintained itself only before consonants; and the digamma, which replaces it, is lost before vowel-inflections: *नौ-εσ*, *va-εσ*, are from *vaḍ-εσ* (Sana. *नावस्* *nāv-as*), as *βό-εσ* from *βότ-εσ*. The

Latin has given this word a foreign addition, and uses *navi-s*, *navi-bus*, for *nau-s*, *nau-bus*. As the semi-vowel *v* is easily hardened to a guttural, we have here also, for *nau*, *nāv-am*, a sister form in our *nachen*, Old High German *naccho*, 'ship,' gen. dat. *nacchin*."

Of the philosophical remarks of great general value scattered throughout the work, we select a dozen lines as an example:

"If a few members of a great family of languages have suffered a loss in one and the same place, this may be accident, and may be explained on the general ground, that all sounds in all languages, especially when final, are subject to abrasion; but the concurrence of so many languages in a loss in one and the same place points to relationship, or to the high antiquity of such a loss; and in the case before us, refers the rejection of an *a* of the base in the nominative to a period before the migration of languages, and to the position of the original site of the human races, which were afterwards separated."

If our readers should desire to have some notion of the changes which took place in human speech in the course of time, and as various tribes separated far and wide from each other, we will give them a taste:

SANSKRIT.	ZEND.	GREEK.	LATIN.	LITHUANIAN.	GOOTHIC.
m. <i>vrika-s</i>	<i>vēhrkō</i>	<i>λίκο-s</i>	<i>lupū-s</i>	<i>vilka-s</i>	<i>vulf-s</i>
n. <i>dāna-m</i>	<i>dātē-m</i>	<i>δόρο-ν</i>	<i>donu-m</i>	<i>gėra</i>	<i>dauw</i>
n. <i>ta-t</i>	<i>ta-t</i>	<i>τό</i>	<i>is-tu-d</i>	<i>ta-i</i>	<i>tha-ta</i>
f. <i>jihvā</i>	<i>hizva</i>	<i>χόρα</i>	<i>terra</i>	<i>rankā</i>	<i>giba</i>
f. <i>kā</i>	<i>kā</i>				<i>hō</i>
m. <i>pāti-s</i>	<i>pāti-s</i>	<i>πότι-s</i>	<i>hosti-s</i>	<i>pāti-s</i>	<i>gast-s</i>
f. <i>bhaviṣhyanti</i>	<i>būshyanti</i>			<i>būšenti</i>	
m. <i>sinu-s</i>	<i>pas-u-s</i>	<i>ίχθυ-s</i>	<i>pecu-s</i>	<i>sunu-s</i>	<i>sunu-s</i>
f. <i>tanu-s</i>	<i>tanu-s</i>	<i>πίτυ-s</i>	<i>socru-s</i>		<i>handu-s</i>
n. <i>madhu</i>	<i>madhu</i>	<i>μέθυ</i>	<i>pecu</i>	<i>darke</i>	<i>faihu</i>
m. <i>bharan</i>	<i>baran-s</i>	<i>φέρων</i>	<i>feren-s</i>	<i>sukan-s</i>	<i>fijand-s</i>
m. <i>ātma</i>	<i>as'ma</i>	<i>δαίμων</i>	<i>sermo</i>	<i>akmu</i>	<i>akma</i>
n. <i>nāma</i>	<i>nāma</i>	<i>τάλιν</i>	<i>nomen</i>		<i>namō</i>
m. <i>bhrātā</i>	<i>brātā</i>	<i>πατήρ</i>	<i>frater</i>		<i>brōthar</i>
f. <i>duhitā</i>	<i>dughdhka</i>	<i>θυγάτηρ</i>	<i>mater</i>	<i>dukte</i>	<i>dauktar</i>
m. <i>dātā</i>	<i>dātā</i>	<i>δοτήρ</i>	<i>dator</i>		
n. <i>vachas</i>	<i>vachō</i>	<i>ῥωτος</i>	<i>opus</i>		

Having scanned and made themselves masters of these examples, we would advise our fair friends and juvenile readers not to dive deeper into the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, or Gothic; but if they feel determined to pursue the study, all the thanks the *Literary Gazette* expects from them is from its recommending Bopp; whilst it humbly acknowledges that it cannot itself conduct them to a

perfect acquaintance with these six languages; their analogies, variations, and critical and sonorous affinities and differences. Before closing, however, we should also observe, that their thanks are due (as those of the learned world certainly are) to Lord Francis Egerton for having, by his patronage, procured the translation of this important contribution to philological science.



**CARLYLE'S CROMWELL.** *And bloods*  
*of Cromwell.* (Second notice.)  
 We may well call this "Carlyle's Cromwell," for he has indeed made a Carlyle Hero of the sturdy old Noll. Of all preceding biographies, with the exception of that by Mr. J. Forster in *Lardner's Cyclopaedia*, he speaks with unlimited contempt and opprobrium. The best of them is "poor peddling Dilettantism" (not done by "Earnest Men"); and Heath, the first in point of date, and a writer inclined to loyalty, is never mentioned but as "Carrion Heath." Vicars (see last *Gazette*), though of congenial spirit with Mr. Carlyle, is not honoured by a reference. But we shall leave the past, and come to the present; that is to say, to the present as disinterring and treating of the past, and shewing how "an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried." And continues our author, "the last glimpse of the Godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formalism,—antique 'Reign of God,' which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to modern Reign of the No-God, whom men name Devil; this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man! One wishes there were a History of English Puritanism, the last of all our Heroisms; but sees small prospect of such a thing at present."

Mr. C. then goes on to quote somebody else; but as

"None but himself can be his parallel," and we know nothing of this "well-known" authority, we are inclined to fancy that it is himself with whom he confirms himself. Let readers judge!

"Few nobler Heroisms," says a well-known Writer long occupied on this subject, "at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever transacted itself on this Earth; and it lies as good as lost to us; overwhelmed under such an avalanche of Human Stupidities as no Heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations." Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion;—yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull Pedantry, conceited idle Dilettantism,—prurient Stupidity in what shape soever,—is darkness and not light! There are from Thirty to Fifty Thousand, unread Pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. They lie preserved there, waiting happier days; under present conditions they cannot, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and such like, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nalsons, Thurlboes; enormous folios, these and many others; they have been printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited,—edited as you edit wagonloads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon! Not one of those monstrous old volumes has so much as an available Index. It is the

\* If so valuable, why should they not be catalogued in an efficient manner? This is not the way to keep important National deposits. But we cannot be literally sure of Mr. Carlyle's statements.—*Ed. L. G.*

general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct the press, it is an honourable distinction to him. Those dreary old records were compiled at first by Human Insight, in part; and in great part, by Human Stupidity; and then it was by Stupidity in a laudable diligent state, and doing its best; which was something;—and, alas, they have been successively elaborated by Human Stupidity in the idle state, falling idler and idler, and only pretending to be diligent; whereby now, for us, in these late days, they have grown very dim indeed! To Dryasdust Printing-Societies, and such like, they afford a sorrowful kind of pabulum; but for all serious purposes, they are as if non-existent; might as well, if matters are to rest as they are, not have been written or printed at all. The sound of them is not a voice, conveying knowledge or memorial of any earthly or heavenly thing; it is a wide-spread inarticulate slumberous mumblement, issuing as if from the lake of Eternal Sleep. Craving for oblivion, for abolition and honest silence, as a blessing in comparison! This then, continues our impatient friend, "is the Elysium we English have provided for our Heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Drear-iest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge: obscure, in lurid twilight as of the shadow of Death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human foregoer;—where your human foot-step, if you are still human, echoes bodelf through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by Nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the Age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping our Heroic Ones in memory. By way of sacred poet they have found voluminous Dryasdust, and his Collections and Philosophical Histories. To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished Fathers, it is death!"

Mr. Carlyle, enacting as we have guessed Mrs. Gamp and quoting Mrs. Harris, declares that this description does not want emphasis, and has too much truth in it. But worse than even the sad condition of our historical books for the right understanding of the seventeenth century, is, according to Mr. C., the extinction of genuine spiritual feeling, and the total difference between the truly religious of that day and the pseudo religious of ours.

"The Christian Doctrines (he tells us) which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts,—very mournful to behold; and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay worse still, the Cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is Cant;—in which fatal intermediate state the Eternal Sacredness of this Universe itself, of this Human Life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us; and we think that too a Cant and a Creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us,—not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a

ghastly condition: not as commandments of the Living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas, no; as something very different from that! Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the Seventeenth Century for us. From this source has proceeded our mistreatment of it; our misreadings, miswritings; and all the other 'avalanche of Human Stupidity,' wherewith, as our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed! Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our Unbelief and our Cant of Belief!"

Whether there is more cant now than there was then it is not in our power to determine; but we are inclined to think that there was; as there is, enough of it for both periods. But our cant has, on the other hand, as opposed to the revilings of Mr. Carlyle, one ground of excuse or defence, which his lauded "Christian" doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart" cannot allege. Ours is not so bloody; and on that account alone we would thank Heaven that the elder "spiritual notions are not the guidance of this world any more!" A little bigotry, a little persecution in the way of abuse, a little Puseyism, a little proselytism, a little renegadism, a little intolerance, a little Free-Churchism, a little conventionalism, and a due and usual proportion of hypocrisy and selfishness, make up a competency disreputable and odious enough, and to all these the poor Nineteenth Century may plead guilty; but the be-praised Seventeenth has much more grave and heinous crimes to answer for. From end to end the land was desolated in the blessed name of the Saviour of mankind: the fertile fields of England were deluged with the blood of her children; property was wrested from its rightful owners by the cruel grasp of power; the domestic hearth was violated throughout the isle; rapine and murder stalked abroad without fear and without punishment; the prisons were filled with suffering; and the gallows and the block destroyed innumerable victims. Oh, Glorious Seventeenth Century, Age of Heroism, Age of Heroes! who does not long for thy return, and despise the namby-pamby dilettantism, the Dryasdust tomfoolery, and the miserable tongue-tied, not strong, active, and executive cant of these silly times? Other writers boast of the progress of enlightenment, civilisation, and humanity; but give to the Carlyle school the good old period when the "Living God" was heroically felt and worshipped by Civil Wars, by families divided, son against father and brother against brother in ruthless vengeance, by confiscations and banishments into slavery, by burning homes and households driven out to perish, by assaults and battles; and sanguinary pursuits, by the utmost indulgence of all the direst passions that can agitate the human breast and convert men into fiends; and by treacheries, oppressions, and executions—all in the name and cause of the merciful Creator. How beautifully and graphically is this happy state of things illustrated by the worthy contemporary and enthusiastic admirer, the usher of Christ's Church School, and consistently buried in Newgate! You cannot turn a page of him without joining Mr. Carlyle in glorifying the Seventeenth Century!

Major-General Brown, another individual for Hero-Worship:—"He also beat the Oxonians near to a Town called Hedington, where he took 4 or 5 Carts laden with provisions for Oxford, rescued 2 or 3 Carts of provision going to Abbingdon, slew 7 or 8 of the Oxonians on the

place, that had taken them, took between 30 and 40 prisoners of them, and their chief Commander; rescued also, then, some of ours; and the Oxford prisoners then taken, being found to be most of them brave and bloody Irish, he presently hanged according to an Ordinance of Parliament. He also took at Chalgrove, a Town 7 miles from Oxford, provision going for Oxford, with 6 peeces (or Pipes) of Sack, and the Wine-Cooper with them; and immediately after, overtook a Waggon laden with Sugar and other good provisions, going to Oxford, which also he seized on and sent to Abington to make his souldiers merry; he there also took several packs of fine cloth going thither together with the horses, slew an Irish Major refusing quarter, and took 19 or 20 good horses more in another conflict with them."

"Fine fun this for the model of a century! Then comes Hero Major-General Mitton:—"He had a principall hand in giving the enemy that famous defeat neere Denbigh Castle, as they were going to relieve Westchester, wherein he most courageously put the enemy to a total rout, took between 5 and 600 horse, and above 400 foot, slew above 100 on the place, and pursued them 6 miles, doing great execution upon them all the way, so as in the evening of that day there was not above 100 left in a body together, and about 2400 horse and foot."

"Then Hero Sir Thomas Middleton:—"He, upon the borders of Montgomeryshire, bravely beat the enemy neer unto a place called Mathewes, where he by his forces under the command of valiant Captain Farrer discomfited 1000 of the enemy, and put them to flight, pursuing them three miles together, and slew at least 20 of them in the chase, took 60 of them prisoners, 12 Officers, and above 100 Armes; and after this took the Garrison at Mathewes-house, which he burnt down to the ground, that so it might no longer infest the Country thereabout as it had done. \* \* \* He also had a prime hand in that brave Victory obtained over the enemy at Oswestry, where he utterly routed the enemy, put them all to a shameful flight, slew very many of the Enemies in the pursuit of whom they had full execution, and overstrewn the wayes with slain bodies."

"Then we have Hero Poyntz:—"Hee took the most strong and almost impregnable Garrison of Thelford house, by a most fierce and furious storme, wherein were slain by the Enemies own obstinacy, disdaining to aske quarter, and desperately resolving to fight it out, at the last, but at least 140 of them."

"Then comes Hero Laughtorne, whom the old Usher by anticipation paints almost in the Heroic vein:—"This most famous and faithfull Patriot of his Country, and most active and heroyk-hearted brave Commander, being a worthy Gentleman of Pembrookeshire, and by Gods good Providence, by the arrivall of that gallant and brave Sea Commander Captaine Swanley at Milford-haven, being much assisted and encouraged now to stir in the defence of this his pore County almost overrun with the Malignant Welsh Gentry there, especially by the wicked and Atheistical E. of Carberie, first put himself into Armes, with the foresaid brave Captaine Swanley, and the valiant Major of Pembroke, a very loyall & pious Gentl. to the Parliament and his distressed Country, and with what help the well-affected gentry and Commons of that County could possibly afford them, he first fell upon a strong held or Garrison of the enemies called Stock-pools, which after 8 houres assault he took into his possession."

"Apropos of this Hero; he had upon one occasion some odd Heroic allies; for "He marched

toward Haverfordwest, and in his approach thereunto, so frighted Sir Henry Vaughan; and Sir John Steyne, then Governour of the said Towne, that hee looking forth to see if hee could discover his Enemies coming, saw about halfe a mile off a heard of black Bullocks with white hornes (as they used to have) coming toward him in the field, which being all in a cluster, so amazed him, that hee ranne to the head of his forces, and swearing a most desperate great Oath, cries out to his souldiers The Roundhead Dogs are coming, at which report, they all ran away as fast as they could drive each other before them, throwing away their Armes to fly for their lives, and those that had powder threw it into the River, that so the Roundheads might not make use of it against them; and by this means the Town of Haverfordwest, being most disgracefully forsaken, this most noble Major Generall took it most easily."

With this ludicrous anecdote of Heroism we shall leave the Vicars corroborations of Carlyle (which are taken from the minor Heroes who enacted this glorious tragedy), and return to our newer resurrection of that delectable *Saturnia Regna* (only it was a Protectorate) of which the latter is so fervently enamoured. After much more from "our impatient friend" (Mrs. Harris?), he puts the point concisely:

"But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, That Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies there. The Fast-day Sermons of St. Margaret's Church Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb! In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us: by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon as read; they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead and gone, they and what they shadowed; the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbour to them. Alas, and did not the honourable Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess; Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye: the Printer has done for them what he could, and Mr. Speaker gave them the thanks of the House;—and no most astonishing Review-Article of our day can have half such 'brilliance,' such potency, half such virtue for producing belief, as these their poor little dumpy quartos once had. And behold, they are become inarticulate men; spectral; and instead of speaking, do but screech and gibber! All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, prayers, pamphleteerings are sunk into one indiscriminate moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent: human Speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the 'Eternal Melodies,' and harmonise with them; human Action, Interest, if divorced from the Eternal Melodies, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away. The Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible; what we may call incredible. Its earnest Purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delicious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of pnat stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and

should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said of his Banner and Lion of the Tribe of Judah: 'Who shall rouse him up?'

That shall I, replies Thomas Carlyle; I will restore to life that "part of the eternal soul of things;" I will re-sound the Eternal Melodies; I will make you understand what is unintelligible; I will make you believe what is incredible! And this brings us to his Chapter II., wherein he speaks of the preceding biographies of Cromwell, and eulogises his own labours for producing one of the highest order; so that, "on the whole, we will start with this small service, the Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell washed into something of legibility again, as the preliminary of all. May it prosper with a few serious readers. The heart of that Grand Puritan Business once again becoming visible, even in faint twilight to mankind, what masses of brutish darkness will gradually vanish from all fibres of it, from the whole body and environment of it, and trouble no man any more! Masses of foul darkness, sordid confusions not a few, as I calculate, which now bury this matter very deep, may vanish: the heart of this matter and the heart of serious men once again brought into approximation, to write some 'History' of it may be a little easier,—for my impatient friend [Mrs. Harris] or another."

Chapter III., on the "Cromwell Kindred," proves in some cases, and gives presumptive evidence in others, that some of the absurd taunts thrown out against him had either slight or no foundation—that he was of highly respectable family and lineage, and not distantly connected with the nobility of the land. He imagines the sort of life which Oliver led before he started into public notice; and here speaks as confidently as if he had lodged with him. Thus:

"In November 1605, there likewise came to Robert Cromwell's house, no question of it, news of the thrice unutterable Gunpowder Plot. Whereby King, Parliament, and God's Gospel in England, were to have been, in one infernal moment, blown aloft; and the Devil's Gospel, and accursed incredibilities, idolatries, and poisonous confusions of the Romish Babylon, substituted in their room! The eternal Truth of the Living God to become an empty formula, a shamming grimace of the Three-hatted Chimera! These things did fill Huntingdon and Robert Cromwell's house with talk enough in the winter of Oliver's sixth year. And again, in the summer of his eleventh year, in May 1610, there doubtless failed not news and talk, How the Great Henry was stabbed in Paris streets: assassinated by the Jesuits;—black sons of the scarlet woman, murderous to soul and to body. Other things, in other years, the diligent Historical Student will supply according to faculty."

We can hardly believe the writer, though "an Earnest Man," in sober earnest when he pens such passages as this. At any rate, he does display a "faculty" for supplying whatever diligent historical students may be pleased to invent and utter as "authentic utterances" to supersede facts and known events. And he very naively adds:

"On the whole, all students and persons can know always that Oliver's mind was kept full of news, and never wanted for pabulum! But from the day of his Birth, which is jotted down, as above, in the Parish-register of St. John's Huntingdon, there is no other authentic jotting or direct record concerning Oliver himself to be met with anywhere."

We have seen an Indian juggler who put



one or two grains of sand in the palm of his hand, which he kept rubbing with the fingers of the other till he created almost a pint of particles. Just so in the present instance. There are one or two points ascertained; but the historical student, by skillful manipulation, can rub them into a true and particular account of Oliver Cromwell from his very infancy till the hour he was entered of Sidney College, Cambridge. Wonderful "Faculty!!"

(To be continued.)

*Lives of Celebrated Greeks.* Pp. 152. London, J. Burns.

NOTHING can equal the fertile issue of works in the popular style almost peculiar to this publisher, except the variety of their subject-matter, and, we may add, the good sense of their selection, the taste in their production, and the care with which they are cleansed of every injurious thought or improper expression. The lives of the Greeks, it is true, offered no field for this moral attention; and we therefore need only say in praise of the volume, that it is ably and industriously compiled from the best and latest authorities; and is an excellent book to put into the hands of schoolboys, to impress them with noble and elevated sentiments. It is a modern Plutarch for them. The lives are those of Lycurgus, Solon, Aristides, Themistocles, Cimon, Pericles, Nicias, and Alcibiades.

*The Twelve Nights' Entertainments; or Tales of Various Lands.* The same.

A COLLECTION of entertaining and instructive tales for the juvenile Christmas fireside circle; and well adapted to pass away profitably the long evenings of winter. Some of them are original translations from foreign tongues; but all contribute to that kind of useful information which is gathered from describing the manners, customs, and feelings of countries distant from our own, and people in many respects differing from ourselves.

*Select Popular Tales from the German of Wilhelm Hauff.* The same.

A SET of stories of great variety, romantic, grave, and comic, and generally possessing much interest and adventure. Hauff is justly popular in Germany, and this little volume will, we are sure, make him no less a favourite with "Young England."

*The White Lady; a Romance from the German of Von Woltman.* Translated by J. D. Haas. The same.

A TALE of superstition and apparition, told with much effect.

*Household Tales and Traditions of England, France, Germany, Scotland, &c.* Pp. 188. The same.

WE are more than half inclined to think that if preference were given to any publication in this catalogue, the fifty-two pieces of which this volume is composed would carry off the palm. Mingled with many of the old and most familiar friends of our infancy, the Golden Goose, Jack the Giant-killer, and the like, we have a large proportion of similar traditional marvels from the East, Germany, and the Continent; and there are, besides, narratives of various descriptions, wherein the supernatural and the natural, the wonderful and the simply true, are happily mixed. With such a lot as these we need hardly wish any family circle a merry Christmas, always premising that they do not supersede twelfth-cake nor repudiate snap-dragon.

*The Impostor, &c.* By the Author of "Anti-Coningsby." Phrenologically illustrated. 3 vols. London, Newby.

SOME people say there is nothing in a name: but there is! The following is a specimen passage of *The Impostor*:

"Avaunt! ye dull sectarians who see in man nothing but the victim of original sin and unrelenting destiny. I scorn your poor-spirited and debasing theories! Man is—should be—at least I for one will be the arbiter of my own fates—ay, and perhaps of those of many others! Knowledge is power—the sciences of nature are mine; courage is strength—I laugh at every fear—prejudice is folly—Spinoza, Descartes himself could not be more unshackled, and let the worst happen, my hopes blasted, my schemes defeated, and myself held up to the scorn and odium of a darkened world—Another sun may shine upon my efforts—another clime receive my body. Should even universal failure wait me, there yet remains the dull, well-beaten track of unambitious mediocrity—there yet remains the grave which reason teaches me to regard without a shudder. Pain is the only evil I can recognise—abhorred fiend! let every inlet of my being be closed to thy pestiferous influence, whilst each minutest pore gapes to receive the heavenly breath of pleasure. Nymph divine! let thy celestial essence ever gird me—me, thy eternal votary! How many thousands miserably vegetate, through threescore years, to close their mean career—the brightest joys of life a seven-sealed book! Such beings exist I contemplate to live. To live in glorious delight! And when life offers no untasted bliss, no novel object to excite my hopes, no mystic secret yet to be unravelled, when pleasures known all pall and new ones fail, then I'll despair—then I'll repent my course—BUT NOT TILL THEN!"

The italics and the capitals are the writer's, not ours.

*Railway Results; or, the Gauge Deliverance: a Dramatic Sketch.* By Sir Fortunatus Dwarrior. London, Chapman and Hall.

HE would be, now-o-days, a lucky man who can make a good play out of railway results, convert acts of parliament into entertaining dramatic acts, and the sittings of committees into effective scenes. In the present instance, we cannot say that much has been made of the subject, either one way or another; and so deliver ourselves at once from both gauges, the broad and the narrow.

*George Cruikshank's Table Book, No. XII.*

COMPLETES this Annual Cycle, 1845, to the lavish graphic and humorous talent displayed in which we have monthly borne testimony. Another novelty for the ensuing year is announced by the indefatigable, inexhaustible, and inimitable artist.

*La Soubrette; or the Adventures and Recollections of Theresa Dornay. A Narrative founded on Facts.* 3 vols. Madden and Malcolm.

"FOUNDED ON FACTS" we truly believe the material portion of these three volumes is; for we never read a more matter-of-fact narrative in our life, whether it relate to circumstances or to persons; and were it not for a trifle of introduced romance and a ducal marriage for a *dénouement*, we could well suppose that there was no invention whatever. After a brief sketch of her parentage, her father an English prisoner in France, and her mother the governor's niece, who escapes with him, our Soubrette is thrown, at the early age of fourteen, into the generally dismal course of life implied by being a governess. A governess in a genteel family, a *lucra* a

*non lucendo*: for whom does a governess govern? Not the unruly, spoilt children; not their harsh and exacting mamma, who, if she be handsome, suspects and hates, as well as oppresses her; not their papa, unless, with the same attractions, he happens to be a profligate, and then only through guilt for a season; not the elder brother, if of age, except as the plaything of folly, or the victim of seduction; not even of the household servants, for they are all independent of her, and dislike her for her anomalous condition and superior attainments. The governess, indeed! the poor governess! Ordinary or beautiful, here is a melancholy and dangerous lot. The Soubrette sees and experiences much of these vicissitudes: is the victim of a false marriage, but, owing to her virtue and good conduct, secures generous friends, and in the end reaps a late recompense for her early trials. The best part of her account of herself is the description of the individuals amongst whom her years are spent. Some of these are *naively* genuine: as for the story, it is only one of change of scene, and at each change nearly all new characters. Such a performance defies illustration; and we can only say, that there is a good deal of amusement in some of the sketches.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGY.\*

"THUS much is certain, that the *acari* have invariably appeared in the several solutions under electrical influence, while their absence has been as invariably remarked, in spite of the nicest scrutiny, in all negative tests provided to accompany the respective primary experiments. \* \* \* On the 2d of May, 1842, the apparatus, of which a description has been attempted, was set to work after the following manner:—A solution of ferrocyanate of potass, prepared by carefully boiling two ounces of the salt in sixteen ounces of distilled water, being in readiness for the occasion, ten ounces of the liquid were transferred to the glass jar, and immediately after an elastic metal pipe, in communication with an iron bottle in a state of white heat, and from which a stream of pure oxygen rapidly proceeded, was dipped into the solution in the jar. In this way the gas, without passing through water, or being brought in contact with any external agent, continued to be supplied to the jar, until the entire atmosphere above the solution consisted of oxygen alone, when the metallic plug was deposited instantly in the neck of the jar, so as to cut off all communication with the external air. The open vessel or tumbler being now placed by the side of the close apparatus, and four ounces of the solution before mentioned having been poured into it, the necessary communication between the two vessels was effected by means of suitable wires, and contact at the same time similarly established with the respective poles of a constant battery of ten pairs. By means of this arrangement, the current entered the open vessel first, and then proceeded through the solution in the close apparatus, in its way to the negative side. I must here remark that the electric current, immediately on its first application, was observed to decompose the solution with such energy, that I deemed it advisable to suspend the operation until the activity of the battery should be somewhat modified; and it was not until the evening of the 6th of May that I could date the commencement of my experiment. A circumstantial record of all important changes connected with

\* Mr. Weekes' Letters: see our first Review.



this experiment has been preserved, up to the present day, embracing a period of three years and three months.

"1. October 19th, 1843—one hundred and sixty-six days from the commencement of the experiment—the first acari seen in connexion therewith, six in number and nearly full-grown, were discovered on the outside of the open glass vessel. On removing two pieces of card which had been laid over the mouth of this vessel, several fine specimens were found inhabiting the under surfaces, and others completely developed and in active motion here and there within the glass. Oct. 20th.—Making my visit at an hour when a more favourable light entered the room, swarms of acari were found on the cards, about the glass tumbler, both within and without, and also on the platform of the apparatus. At this identical hour Dr. J. Black favoured me with a call, inspected the arrangements, and received six living specimens of the acarus produced from solution in the open vessel. No trace of insect life could at this time be discovered in the close vessel with an oxygen atmosphere. The solution in the open vessel had undergone very slight change of colour, but exhibited a multitude of minute and beautifully coloured crystals with a prevailing tinge of crimson. The solution beneath the oxygen atmosphere, about ten days after the voltaic current began to traverse it, had assumed a reddish-brown appearance, which gradually darkened in colour, until scarcely any light could be transmitted through it, or the ascent of gas from either of the electrodes perceived.—2. Myriads of acari continued to be developed from the solution in the open vessel until the 20th of August, 1843, when it was found expedient to determine this division of the experiment, and confine the operation of the electric current solely to the close arrangement, in which no appearance of insect life had yet been detected. Before removing the open vessel I had, however, the satisfaction to supply therefrom abundance of living specimens to my scientific friends who had kindly interested themselves on the subject, in various parts of England, Scotland, France, and America.—3. In the beginning of the month of June, 1844, rather more than two years from the commencement of these operations, the solution in the close vessel began to manifest signs of a most remarkable change, the results of constant, slow, and almost invisible decomposition. The apparatus was carefully tested, and found, as at first, perfectly air-tight, and the confined liquid was evidently returning to a paler red colour, as well as a partially translucent condition. These latter appearances rapidly increased, and about the beginning of September in the same year, the solution had acquired a light amber-colour and perfect transparency, with abundant flakes and scroll-like forms of irregular oxide of iron of a deep orange colour, nearly covering the bottom of the jar. Most of these had, doubtless, been detached in succession from the negative platinum spiral, and were conspicuous through the altered solution. It was while engaged in examining this singular accumulation of oxide, by means of an excellent lens, that I saw for the first time an unequivocal proof of the existence of insect life within the close vessel. Several spinous processes of the acari and other remains were detected floating on the surface of the solution, and others attached to the inside of the glass a few lines above the liquid; while, under circumstances somewhat more obscure, several entire dead insects were perceived amidst the flakes resting on the bottom of the jar. An

omission, of secondary importance, it is true,—was now for the first time apparent in the apparatus: this was the want of a fitting shelf or resting-place for the insects; a circumstance that my kind friend, Andrew Crosse, Esq., when he favoured me with a visit a few weeks after, remarked almost immediately, and said, before he knew that acari had already appeared, 'that they would fall in and be drowned almost as fast as they were produced.' Mr. Crosse was right in his conjecture, for although I have latterly watched the proceeding with diurnal care, I have never identified the presence of more than two living insects at the same time within the close apparatus, and these have as speedily as invariably shared the fate of their predecessors. Notwithstanding the omission alluded to, I enjoy an increase of satisfaction in the knowledge that I have kept from my arrangements any substance which by its introduction might have been suspected of vitiating the results, while the main object of the undertaking has in no wise suffered in its accomplishment. I have only to add my belief, founded on considerable experience and much observation, that insect life was first developed in this division of my experiment some time in the month of July 1843, about two years and two months from the commencement."

The second letter describes the production of new vegetation by the similar means of electrochemical experiment, persevered in since October 1842:

"About the beginning of September 1843, a small patch of fungus, of a peculiar character, was observed to have commenced forming on the outside of the glass, near its lower rim. \* \* \* This substance having, when first seen, a gelatinous appearance, of a dark-brown colour, by slow degrees extended itself round the lower rim of the glass, forming an irregular band or zone, half an inch in breadth, and throwing out numerous protuberances as it approached the positive side of the arrangement. On the 29th of November, in the same year, the following note relative to this singular production occurs among my memoranda; and as I cannot otherwise better describe its mature appearance, I shall subjoin the extract: 'The substance of this fungus varies in colour from a light chocolate to that of a dark sanguineous red, and though formerly of a soft texture, it now offers considerable resistance. When viewed with an excellent pocket-lens—the only sort of microscope that can be brought to bear upon it—a most singularly-beautiful species of vegetation is seen to occupy its entire surface, presenting various shades of crimson, green, olive, and green inclining to yellow. In its general appearance it at once suggests the idea of a magnificent forest, consisting of trees and flowering shrubs in miniature. In particular spots, fine, downy, needle-like spires occur in vast multitudes, and these otherwise naked processes rising from the body of the fungus, are surmounted by what appear to be seed-vessels in some instances, and irregular feathery-tufts in others.' This experiment was not designed with any reference to my researches on the development of the electrical acari, but swarms of these creatures appeared incidental to its progress, and, at the time the above note was made, many of them were seen inhabiting the miniature forest on the fungus, where they seemed to thrive amazingly, and to attain a larger size than any I have hitherto seen."

This fungus, so produced, is declared to be different from any known species.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 8th.—Mr. G. B. Greenough in the chair. The paper read in part, "On the geography of Suzianna," by Mr. A. H. Layard, will be continued on some future evening. It is full of details that will bear abridgment respecting the rivers, the mountains, and the plains of Suzianna, the greater part of which are described from actual examination, and thus afford the means of greatly improving our maps of those provinces of Persia, as interesting in their geographical features as in their historical relations. The country seems covered with the ruins of the Sassanian, Kayanian, and Mohammedan epochs, some of which are minutely described.

#### VOLTAIC ILLUMINATION.

THE dreadful accidents of constant occurrence in coal-mines attach considerable importance and interest to the progress of investigation, and to the approaches to successful experiment for the practical employment of voltaic illumination.

The *Literary Gazette* of October 4th, p. 657, contained an account of the apparatus arranged by M. de la Rive for lighting mines by disruptive discharge, in a hermetically sealed vessel, between charcoal cylinders and a metallic ring or plate. A method suggested by Mr. Grove, in a communication to the *Phil. Mag.* for this month, carries with it, we think, greater probability of realising the desideratum. He states, that by the light of a coil of platinum wire, ignited as near to the point of fusion as practicable, in a closed vessel of atmospheric air, or other gas, he has experimented and read for hours. The following was one of the apparatus he used:—"A coil of platinum wire is attached to two copper wires, the lower parts of which, or those most distant from the platinum, are well varnished; these are fixed erect in a glass of distilled water, and another cylindrical glass closed at the upper end is inverted over them, so that its open mouth rests on the bottom of the former glass; the projecting ends of the copper wires are connected with a voltaic battery (two or three pairs of the nitric acid combination), and the ignited wire now gives a steady light, which continues without any alteration or inconvenience as long as the battery continues constant, the length of time being of course dependent upon the quantity of the electrolyte in the battery-cells. Instead of making the wires pass through water, they may be fixed to metallic caps well luted to the necks of a glass globe. The spirals of the helix should be as nearly approximated as possible, as each aids by its heat that of its neighbour, or rather diminishes the cooling effect of the gaseous atmosphere; the wire should not be too fine, as it would not then become fully ignited; nor too large, as it would not offer sufficient resistance, and would consume too rapidly the battery constituents; for the same reason, i. e. increased resistance, it should be as long as the battery is capable of igniting to a full incandescence. The helix form offers the advantages, that the cooling effect being lessened, a much longer wire can be ignited by the same battery; by this increased length of wire, the battery fuel is economised, while a greater light is afforded; by the increased heat, the resistance is still further increased, and the consumption still further diminished, so that, contrary to the usual result, the increment of consumption decreases with the exaltation of effect produced. Lastly, only two or three cells are required (one, indeed, might be sometimes sufficient), and the whole apparatus thus becomes portable and economical. The light is

perfectly constant, subject to no fluctuation or interruption, and the heat is not so excessive as to destroy the apparatus."

#### POTATO DISEASE.

UNDER the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society, two lectures on this subject have been delivered this week by Dr. Lyon Playfair at the Royal Institution. The principal points may be given briefly; premising that the whole matter was ably and admirably treated. The essential opinions and suggestions were: 1st. The origin of the disease; early rapid growth and subsequent uncongenial weather preventing maturation, the fungous parasites being a development only of putrescence: 2d. The preservation of the crops; separation of the sound from the infected, and drying and storing without contact of the tubers, in layers of sand, burnt lime, or stone-rubbish, these matters being preferable to sawdust or other organic substance: 3d. Obtaining seed for next year, and especially in the case of the peasantry requiring their potatoes for actual food; scooping out one or more of the eyes or buds, shaking them with lime, exposing them to the air for twenty-four hours, and then stowing them away in dry peat or wood-ashes: 4th. Planting the same land; the disease being decay only, if the land be properly ploughed and exposed to the air, no ill consequences were apprehended: 5th, and lastly, The use of the potatoes far advanced in decay; boiling them for feeding cattle and pigs—unboiled, they would doubtless produce diarrhoea. From consular returns, no hope of importation of seed was held out; and Dr. Playfair urged exertions to secure it at home. He strongly recommended planting now. If there be a scarcity, he said it would be felt in May or June; and early varieties planted now would be ready about that time. Planting now, moreover, would excite at once active vitality, and consequently resistance to the action of the air. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to Dr. Lyon Playfair, and to the managers of the Royal Institution for the use of their theatre.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 6th.—The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Masson's paper "On the route of Isidorus of Charax, from Seleucia to Ecbatana," was continued. An abstract of this paper will be given at the completion of the reading; but it is a matter of interest to remark, at present, that the portion of the route read this day comprised the locality of Bagistanon (the Behistan, or Beshitun, of the modern Persians), the site of the celebrated rocks covered with sculptures and inscriptions in the cuneiform character, which have so long excited the attention of the learned, and which have finally yielded to the well-directed and persevering researches of Major Rawlinson, now resident at Bagdad. Portions of the results of Major Rawlinson's labours have been read from time to time at the meetings of the society; and, curiously enough, a few days before the present meeting, the whole of Major Rawlinson's drawings and translations of these ancient monuments arrived in London from Bagdad, and were exhibited to the members, who were exceedingly gratified at the very beautiful and accurate scrolls laid before them, and at the assurance that the society would, as soon as possible, proceed to prepare them for publication. The portion of Mr. Masson's paper read this day shewed that the Bagistan of Darius,

or Bagistanon of Diodorus, was the Beshitun of the modern Persians—confirming the identification by the true name of the place, Behistun, as demonstrated by Major Rawlinson. Mr. Masson described the successive sculptures upon these rocks, from those partially obliterated, which he thinks may be attributed to Semiramis, and which appear to have escaped the observation of former travellers, down to those of the recent Sassanian princes; and states that the example has, singularly enough, been followed by a Mahomedan prince of our own times, Mahomed Ali Mirza, the late viceroy of Kermanshah; who has caused to be executed a very fair group, in bas-relief, representing himself in modern costume, sitting on a carpet, smoking his pipe, and attended by his minister and a favourite servant. He observes that the work is well executed; though the effect is very ludicrous, from the contrast with the costume and attitude of the ancient princes, and marred by the gaudy colouring laid over it. Of much more interest is an inscription in letters of extraordinary size, formed of squares and circles, above the supposed sculptures of Semiramis. Mr. Masson very much regrets that he did not copy this inscription, which, like the sculptures, appear to have escaped other observers. His time was very limited; and he confesses he was not then alive to their value. He is inclined to suppose that they may comprise the Syrian inscription of Semiramis, mentioned by Diodorus, recording her ascent to the top of the rock, upon the mountain of fardles and packs from the mules which followed her army, heaped up from the plain to the summit for the purpose of affording the Assyrian queen the means of ascending the otherwise inaccessible peaks. He is anxious to direct the attention of future travellers to these characters and sculptures, which are on the upper portion of the smooth surface of the Behistun rock. The inscription is over the sculptures, which comprise three colossal female faces in profile, all of exquisite workmanship and great beauty. They may be seen readily by looking obliquely upon the rock from the north; and when once observed, their outlines will appear so distinct that surprise will be excited at their having hitherto escaped observation.

Mr. Masson's paper will be concluded at a future meeting.

##### ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

It would appear that the Marquis of Northampton has resigned the presidency of the proposed meeting of the Institute next year at York, to which he was elected at Winchester, as it is stated that Earl Fitzwilliam has accepted the office. If this be so, it is a droll commentary on the complimentary couplet of our worthy and estimable friend the Dean, which congratulated the meeting on their happy choice, and adjured the noble marquis not to

"Leave the chair,

Till a worthier should be there."

It is further reported, that the Archaeological Institute and the Institute of British Architects are so favourably disposed towards the plan of Mr. Hawkins, to have a room provided for national antiquities at the British Museum, that they have agreed, collectively and individually, to become collectors for that new-born repository.

##### THE POET GRAY.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the library and manuscripts of Gray, the poet, were last week sold by auction, and brought large curiosity prices. A MS. copy of the "Elegy in a Country Church-

yard," in the author's holograph, brought 100l.; and was remarkable for having the names of Tully and Cæsar in the places of Milton and Cromwell of the printed publication. The Strawberry Hill edition of "The Bard," and "Progress of Poetry" was sold for a like sum; and a MS. of the "Long Story," 45l. Gray, it is well known, was one of the early examples of persons who kept regular journals of their excursions about the country, which now furnish memoranda of considerable interest. We are not, therefore, surprised that seven of these little books sold for 30l.; and that above forty unpublished letters reached nearly 150l. Two other letters, and some satirical poetry on the heads of Houses in Cambridge, thirty guineas; and another lot, including several minor poems, and an epitaph on a child, 40l. Some very neatly-executed pen-and-ink drawings, and small paintings, also found purchasers at high prices. Mr. Penn, of Stoke Poges (whose residence is close by the churchyard reputed to be the site of the Elegy), was the principal buyer, for the sake of preservation; but some of the other articles have, it is believed, been obtained with a view to publication.

##### SCINDE.

In consequence of a meeting held in the house of Capt. Preedy, at Kurrachee, on the 9th of October, which was attended by Sir C. Napier and a number of officers, it was resolved to form an Association, for the desirable purpose of collecting information concerning the natural history, antiquities, statistics, dialects, &c. &c., of Scinde and the adjacent countries. Sir Charles Napier is the patron, and Colonel Douglas the president. It was further agreed, that for the general purposes of the Association, viz. purchasing books and coins, sending out proper persons to collect specimens of natural history, &c. &c., a monthly subscription of five rupees should be paid by each member, in addition to a donation of twenty rupees on entrance. The books to be purchased are to consist of works relating to Scinde and the adjacent countries, especially to history and antiquities; and scientific works and books of reference are also to be provided for the use of the members.

##### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:

Monday.—British Architects 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.  
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.  
Wednesday.—Geological, 8 P.M.; British Archaeological, 8 P.M.  
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

##### FINE ARTS.

A Book of Christmas Carols. Illuminated from Ancient Manuscripts, &c. London, Joseph Cundall.

THE sources whence the borders of this rare and beautiful publication are derived are: the Harleian MSS., the Royal MSS., the De Croy MSS., Henry the Eighth's Missal in the British Museum, and a Book of Hours in the possession of the publisher; and the miniature paintings are from the Harleian MS. 2877.

To the *Prism of Imagination*, by the Baroness de Calabrella (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1353) we may ascribe the great impulse and example given to works of this superbly decorated class, not one of which preceding the present has excelled it in exquisitely rich and curious illustrations of antique art, or been more happily applied to the subjects illustrated. Old Christmas carols are the very themes to justify lavish embellishment with reference to bygone times, and in this volume they are carried to imitative

perfection. The title-page strikes us at once, on opening it, as a gem of the kind. The broad gold margin is filled with floral elegance and delightful animal life. The graceful deer, the resplendent peacock, the solemn owl, the smaller tribe of birds to the very sacred wren, the fly, the butterfly, are all disposed with charming taste, and natural, though done in the gayest colours. And this is a fair specimen of the designs that follow, and vary the subjects of flowers, animals, birds, and insects, on every page. The parrot, pheasant, partridge, common cock, monkey, squirrel; fruits of many sorts and blossoms, of every hue, charm the eye and afford material for long examination—seeing what are so admirably executed, and surmising why other familiar species are omitted. The four miniatures are in the same style of excellence, and the last especially, the Adoration of the Magi, is absolutely wonderful in its effects—held up in every light it is an extraordinary study. The binding, too, is the richest of velvet and gold; and altogether this is a volume most honourable to the arts employed on its production. The selection and arrangement reflect credit on Mr. Cundall; and the printing in colours by the Messrs. Hanhart prove them to be masters in this practice.

*Her Majesty the Queen.* Painted by J. Partridge. Engraved by H. Robinson.  
*Prince Albert* (Companion Print). Engraved by G. T. Dox. London, F. G. Moon.

THE Queen is represented with her full front face, a novelty as far as we recollect in the royal portraits, of which so many have appeared, and a position in which we are not so able to detect the likeness. The head-dress, too, with lappets hanging down on each side, is unusual to her Majesty when seen in public; and this adds another difficulty to the recognition of features. Under such circumstances, it may be an error on our part to fancy the countenance too long, and not exactly that of our gracious sovereign; but we can truly say that the work itself is very interesting, and ably executed. Prince Albert, in a Hussar uniform, is spirited and life-like; the figure well posed, and the head intellectual. It is one of the best we have seen of H. R. H.

*The Floral Almanach.* Painted in Colours by Owen Jones.

A BROADSIDE on stout drawing-paper, and a perfect horticultural garden-fête in the profusion of its flora. Then the beautiful and glittering borders—one might imagine there was not a common week or work-a-day in the year to which it pertained. May 1846 be as bright a holiday for the people of England! At all events, this is a gay memorandum to be hung in parlour or boudoir.

*La Sphère Souvenir d'Adieu de Marie Taglioni.* Par A. E. Chalon. London, Mitchell; Paris, Compilhet Vibert.

THIS the picture of the renowned and never-to-be-forgotten *Pas de Quatre*, this is an opérette souvenir from the clever pencil of Chalon, and lithographed by Lane, Morton, Templeton, Pynch, and Maguire. As the former represented the cause of a mingled furor, this fascination may be referred to monomania, for it celebrates Taglioni alone. She is, however, in six phases of sylph; in all aerial and graceful; in some expressive of sentiment; and in one converted into prettiness. The aliveness of the limbs, the elegance of the attitude, the lightness of the draping, and (in the French one word best suited to such subjects) the *ensemble*, are delineated with an artist's skill, and stali-

men and omnibus-box-men must be "ravished" with the publication, whilst the rest of mankind admire it.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

ON Thursday evening we witnessed the Annual Westminster Play, Terence's *Andria*, at this national school. It was spoken with astonishing correctness, and performed with great talent. The *dramatis personæ* were

<i>Simo</i> . . . . .	H. V. Williams.
<i>Sosia</i> . . . . .	R. W. H. Smart.
<i>Davus</i> . . . . .	A. Milman.
<i>Mysis</i> . . . . .	T. W. Davis.
<i>Pamphilus</i> . . . . .	W. G. Rich.
<i>Charinus</i> . . . . .	E. T. Shiffner.
<i>Byrrhina</i> . . . . .	H. L. Mand.
<i>Lesbia</i> . . . . .	B. Lane.
<i>Chremes</i> . . . . .	W. T. Chamberlayne.
<i>Crito</i> . . . . .	R. W. Cotton.
<i>Dromo</i> . . . . .	J. R. Armistead.

##### Mutes:

<i>Serri Simons</i> . . . . .	R. Burton.
	J. P. Sargeant.

Every part was sustained with spirit and characteristic marking, which in some instances displayed a degree of dramatic skill that quite surprised us. Even in the second or third class of characters there was a something as if the actors were naturally made for them, and could not help doing well. Thus *Chremes* was an admirable old man, and *Lesbia* a Mrs. Humby in her way. *Mysis* was exceedingly *gauche* and *naïve*: her astonishment at being made the tool of *Davus* was finely stolid, and some of her brief replications were delivered in tones which excited general laughter. *Simo* was played with due emphasis and dignity, and not a syllable of his very long dialogues was omitted. *Pamphilus* was also represented with much propriety and spirit; and indeed we may say the same, as far as the nature and limits of their characters went, of *Sosia*, *Charinus*, *Byrrhina*, *Crito*, and *Dromo*. The *Davus* we must notice *per se*. His humilities, his impudences, his plottings, his bullyings, his satires and quips, his servilities, his equivocations, his quicknesses, were embodied and delivered with the address of a veteran of the stage. He was not so suppliant as *Davus* is often conceived; but there was a nice humour which enriched the rogue, so up to every trick and manoeuvre that he was quite capable of shaping circumstances, and ruling the roast among the old and young, the wise and foolish, with whom his lot was cast. There appeared to us to be a curious resemblance to John Kemble in this young gentleman when he came on to speak the epilogue—to John Kemble as he must have been when about his age. The epilogue itself was most laughable, and full of clever puns on railway speculations. *Davus* is now a director of a popular line, and struts about in a chlamys, allotting scrip to his quondam master and superiors. His surveyors measure *perforce* through *Simo's* grounds, to connect this here with that there city. All the others beg for scrip, scrip, scrip; and even *Crito* has been infected with the rage for atmospheric roads, and bridges hung in air. With *Davus* the magic word is *Prospect*; we have seldom enjoyed a more amusing prospect; and we trust we may look forward to easy and distinguished travels through life to these rising alumni of Westminster, and many of their youthful companions who witnessed their scenic efforts with such signs of edification and delight.

SHOWS OF LONDON. PAHE-A-RANGE, alias Son of the Clouds, has this week furnished a droll police-report. An

atheist, as was stated by the Rev. Dr. West, in his complaint to the magistrate, with some of his infidel companions, came to the church where Pahe, the Son of the Clouds, a New Zealand chief, was engaged to lecture on the progress of Christianity in Africa; and then and there interrupted the preacher and made a row. The defence was, that the said Pahe-a-Range was an impostor *arrangé*, an Irishman of the name of Byrne, who had enacted New Zealander in shows for twenty years; and the worthy magistrate held the defendant to bail to keep the peace towards this distinguished and dubious individual for three months.—General Thumb, as we last week anticipated, is to appear among us once more for a brief season previous to his departure for America. We have heard strange rumours of his future destination and intentions. Some report that his enormous fortune (we know not how many millions of dollars) he means to put himself at the head of the Whigs, and oust Polk from the presidency; being determined to maintain amicable relations with Queen Victoria, who treated him so handsomely when he, like the Emperor of Russia, the King of France, the King of Prussia, and other sovereign princes, visited her Majesty's court. Others say that he will take independent possession of Oregon, and defend it against all comers; thus putting an end to a very worthless dispute. We really cannot tell to which story to incline our belief.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### COME, TELL ME THY SORROW.

COME, tell me thy sorrow, and if I can aid thee  
My heart and my purse are both thine to the end;  
If not, seek support from the Being that made thee,  
But mourn not as if without solace, my friend.  
Though thy sky be now dark, there is hope for to-morrow.

A sunlight to come, which the morn may restore;  
Then cheer I bid thy soul spring from mortal's care  
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

Ne'er fancy thine own disappointments are greater  
Than theirs who seem right whatsoever they do;  
Misfortune finds all either sooner or later;  
Life's mourners are many—the wretched are few.

Then vex not thy spirit with fears and surmises,  
But wrestle with care, and thy firmness restore;  
There's a star for thee yet, and, brightly it rises,  
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

CHARLES SWAIN.

##### ON PASSING IN A STEAMER BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Is this that fearful scene of poet's song?  
Where hideous Scylla spreads her yawning jaws?  
Where dark and horrible Charybdis draws  
The hapless bark his deadly toils among?  
Serene and safe, in art's protection strong,  
By fair Calabria's varying shores we glide—  
And ne'er was softer breeze or smoother tide!  
Than greets us as we gently sweep along.  
Ah, proud and gallant Roman! thou whose fame  
Was earn'd on many a field of bloody fight,  
Did thy stern spirit then, in vain affright,  
Shrink at a phantom, tremble at a name?  
Yet thus it was—and thus 'tis with us all—  
The evils we imagine most appalling.

R. F.

##### SPEAK NO ILL.

NAY, speak no ill!—a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind,  
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard  
Is far beneath a noble mind.

Full oft a better seed is sown  
By choosing thus the kinder plan;  
For if but little good be known,  
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—  
Would fain another's fault efface;  
How can it pleasure human pride  
To prove humanity but base?

No: let us reach a higher mood,  
A nobler estimate of man;  
Be earnest in the search for good,  
And speak of all the best we can.



Then speak no ill—but lenient be  
To others' failings as your own;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known.  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lip may tell how brief its span;  
Then, oh, the little time we stay,  
Let's speak of all the best we can!

CHARLES SWAIN.

### VARIETIES.

**Captain the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby, R.N.**—The death of this distinguished officer, at Torquay, on the 3d inst., at the premature age of 56, is announced in the usual obituaries of the day. The share he had in the interesting travels in the Holy Land (in conjunction with Mr. Mangles), first printed for private circulation, and thereafter justly forming one of the most popular volumes in Mr. Murray's Series, will add to the literary regrets which swell those of family and friends on this mournful event.

**Antiquarian Discoveries.**—On the 28th ult. the surface of the ground in the paddock, at Orpington, situated near the summit of a hill, suddenly gave way, and developed, at the depth of sixteen feet, subterranean arched chambers. The soil was sand. Mr. A. J. Duncan has lately shewn that similar excavations exist throughout the county.—*Kentish Observer.*

**Portraits of Charles I. and his Queen,** by Vandike, are stated, in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, to have been bought for a few shillings from Mr. Fenton, a broker at Bury, and being sent to London and cleaned, are now valued at 500 guineas. They are in the possession of Sir Thomas Cullum.

**Brazilian Diamonds.**—A letter in the *Frankfort Journal* gives the following particulars relating to the diamond-mines recently discovered in Brazil: "Hutfuls of the stones have been picked up and brought away. Two-thirds of them are of a yellowish tinge, and do not possess the usual hardness of the diamond, but many of them are very fine. The house of Bomfim and Rescheler, the largest diamond-merchants at Rio Janeiro, at first threw doubts on the reality of this discovery; but notwithstanding this every one who has diamonds on hand is endeavouring to sell them at the best price they can obtain, fearing a great reduction in the value. The country where the new mines are situated is thickly populated, but the people are mostly very poor."

**Literature (Portuguese)** is making some progress in this capital. Amongst the latest publications are a carefully edited military journal, and a fine-art journal, illustrated in a highly creditable manner. The first volume of an elaborate history of Portugal, by A. Herculano, is announced to issue from the press in January. Senhor Herculano has already achieved considerable fame as an author.—*Letter from Lisbon, Times.*

**Natural History.**—The *Renfrewshire Advertiser* (a very able Scottish Conservative newspaper) gives an account of a collection of natural history sent home to Paisley from Illinois, by a Mr. Peter Mason; the most curious part of which is the skulls of two stags, which appear to have interlocked their antlers so inextricably together in combat, as to have lived for months in that condition, and finally to have fallen a prey to the wolves, against whom they had no means of defence.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press, *The Eventful Epoch*, a Novel, by Nicholas Michell, author of "The Truaded."

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Oliver Newman, a New-England Tale, with other Poetical Remains, by the late R. Southey, fep. 8vo, 3s. —**Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean**, by J. H. Allan, royal 4to, 3l. 3s. cloth.—**Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted**, by O. A. Brownson, post 8vo, 4s. cloth.—**Connexion between Revelation and Mythology**, by Philomathes, post 8vo, 3s.—**Complete Concordance to Shakspere**, by Mrs. C. Clarke, imp. 8vo, 2l. 6s.—**Life of Leo X.**, by W. Roscoe, 4th ed., edited by his Son, 2 vols. 8vo, 24s.—**Life of Lorenzo de' Medici**, by W. Roscoe, new ed., edited by his Son, 8vo, 12s.—**Explanations: a Sequel to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation**, post 8vo, 5s.—**England's Worthies**, by J. Vicars (1647), reprinted, square, 5s.—**Hand-Book for Lewes**, by M. A. Lower, fep. 2s.—**The Decameron of Boccaccio**, translated, 8vo, 7s.—**The Life and Times of John Bunyan**, by G. B. Cheever, D.D., royal 32mo, 1s. 6d.—**Brown's Philosophy of the Mind**, 16th ed., 4 vols. 8vo, 2l. 2s.—**Robinson Crusoe**, Phil's Illustrated Edition, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—**Martineau's Popular Tales**, new ed., 3 vols. 18mo, 2l. 2s.—**The Roman Catholic Religion False**, by the Rev. H. Marriott, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—**Missionary Life in Samoa: Journals of the late G. A. Lundie**, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—**Dr. Abbot on Jonah**, new ed., by Grace Webster, 2 vols. post 8vo, 12s.—**Prayers and Meditations from the Bible and Liturgy**, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—**Royal Descendants: a List of Persons entitled to Quarter the Royal Arms**, 4to, 9s. plain; 12s. coloured.—**The Water-Fairy, and other Tales**, square, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.—**The King of the Swans, and other Tales**, square, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.—**Berens' Christmas Stories**, 5th ed., fep. 3s.—**Annals of Horticulture for 1845**, royal 8vo, 16s.—**The Cricket on the Hearth**, by C. Dickens, fep. 5s.—**Sermons**, by R. Winter Hamilton, L.L.D., Second Series, 8vo, 12s. 6d.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

#### M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.

##### LAST FIVE NIGHTS,

Viz. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (the Last Night).

On WEDNESDAY there can be NO PERFORMANCE, the Theatre having been let previous to M. JULLIEN'S occupation.

##### ADDITION TO THE PROMENADE.

**LARGE NUMBERS OF Persons having on** several Evenings during the present Series of Concerts been, for want of room, of necessity denied admission. M. JULLIEN has heard that he has caused to be arranged decorated TWO EXTRA APARTMENTS connected with the Promenade; these will be opened for the first time on Monday evening, and M. JULLIEN trusts, will afford ample accommodation for all his Visitors.

THE BRITISH NAVY QUADRILLE on each Evening. THE DESTRUCTION OF NOAH'S ARK (the last time this season). The Programme for MONDAY, Dec. 15th, will include a solo by Herr KERN; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Solo on the Concertina, by M. C. Case; the Polka Quadrille; the Boquet Royal Waltz; the Destruction of Pompeii; the British Navy Quadrille, &c. &c. &c.

##### ANNUAL GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL GRAND BAL MASQUE is fixed to take place on MONDAY, 16th DECEMBER 1845.

The Audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be SET APART FOR SPECTATORS.

[See Advertisement.]

#### BRANDY AND CAPSULES.—Mr.

BETTS (the late firm of J. T. BETTS and Co.), Patent Brandy Distiller, 7 Smithfield Bars, feels it due to himself and the public to state, that the Manufacture of the PATENT BRANDY was not, nor ever has been, known to any person except to himself and one of his sons. And that he was succeeded in the business of the Distillery, 7 Smithfield Bars, by his sons, J. T. BETTS, Jun. and Co., on his retiring therefrom, in 1843.

Mr. Betts further states, that he is the sole Patentee, Manufacturer, and Vendor of the METALLIC CAPSULE (or solid metal covering for the mouths of bottles), that no other Brandy in England, except BERRY'S PATENT BRANDY, is thereby protected; the Patent Metallic Capsule if, therefore, applied to any other Brandy, must have been surreptitiously obtained.

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**BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY**, certified by the Faculty of England to be the purest spirit, and guaranteed by the Patent Metallic Capsules, enclosed in Betts's Patent Brandy, 7 Smithfield Bars, is sold at 5s. 6d. a bottle included, by the most respectable dealers, lists of whom may be obtained at the Distillery, where quantities of not less than two gallons, in bulk or bottles, are supplied. Address 7 Smithfield Bars.

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JOHN LAURENCE, Secretary.

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#### ALL PICTURES, &c., intended for

EXHIBITION and SALE the ensuing Season, must be sent for the inspection of the Committee on MONDAY the 12th and TUESDAY the 13th of JANUARY next, between the hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Afternoon; after which time no Picture or other work of Art will be received. Portraits, Drawings in Water-colours, Architectural Drawings, are inadmissible; nor will any Picture or other work of Art be received which has already been publicly exhibited.

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## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

First Number ready December 16.

**MEPHYSTOPHELES: a Journal of Satire,** Wit, and Wisdom. Published every Saturday, price 3d. Stamped, 4d. Consisting of Twelve 4to pages, size of "The Medical Times" and "Athenaeum," and lavishly illustrated.

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On Saturday, Dec. 20th, will be published, price 5s., small 3s., **THE CRICKET on the HEARTH;** a Fairy Tale of Home.

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On Thursday, the 15th instant, in 3 vols. post 8vo,

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**PUNCH'S ALMANACK** will be published on the 24th instant. Price 3d.; stamped, 4d.  
\* \* Vol. IX. will be published at the end of the month, price 5s.  
London: Punch Office, 92 Fleet Street.

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On the 1st of January will be published, price 6d., with Illustrations,

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Books, &c., for Review, and Contributions for the Editor, may be addressed to the Punch Office, No. 92 Fleet Street; where the Almanack of the Month will be published.

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